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SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 24, 1956.

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COMMENT OF
THE DAY

RUSSIANS KIDNAP NAGY Betrayed During Talks With Kadar

Vienna, Nov. 23. A reliable source in Budapest told Reuter by phone tonight that Mr Imre Nagy and his companions had been arrested and taken away by Russian soldiers this afternoon after they had talks with Mr Janos Kadar, the Hungarian Prime Minister, in the parliament building in Budapest.

The source said that before his arrest, Mr Nagy conferred with Kadar about the formation of a coalition government.

The two leaders were reported to have reached agreement and preparations had been made for Mr Nagy to speak over Budapest radio, the source said.

Mr Nagy and Mr Kadar were still negotiating when Russian soldiers came into the conference room in the parliament building at 4 p.m. and arrested Mr Nagy and his companions.

Another report says that Imre Nagy and other Hungarian leaders were taken to a Budapest military command post and then conducted to an unknown destination.

Belgrade radio cited its Budapest correspondent, who said his information came from reliable sources. Telephone calls to the homes of Nagy and his companions still remained unanswered, the radio said.

The broadcast said the mother of Mrs Lajos Rado, widow of the former Hungarian Foreign Minister, who was executed in 1948, and her daughter had not returned home.

She said she did not know the whereabouts of Mrs Rado, who had been granted asylum in the Yugoslav Embassy, along with Nagy.

Paper's Account

Meanwhile, the Yugoslav Communist Party newspaper Borba published this account of Nagy's departure from its Budapest correspondent:

Nagy and his companions and a Soviet officer entered a special bus in front of the Yugoslav Embassy. The bus, escorted by one car in front and another behind, went to the Soviet command post.

The Yugoslav diplomats who had protested against the procedure were made to leave the bus before it got underway. The diplomats said the procedure violated Hungarian-Yugoslav agreements but the protest

FINE AND PRISON FOR PROPRIETRESS OF THE AUGUST MOON TEAHOUSE

Tokyo, Nov. 23. Mrs Rose of the Teahouse of the August Moon of Okinawa, has been fined \$1,000 and sentenced to 30 days' imprisonment with hard labour.

The United States Far East Command announced today that she had been found guilty by a summary court martial of dealing illegally in uncutted liquor.

The announcement said Mrs

Elko Uchura Rose operated the Teahouse of the August Moon and was tried after law enforcement officers raided the establishment on charges that she knowingly imported 353 bottles of liquor without a customs permit, stored the same and decanted the contents of 60 bottles into new containers carrying tax stamps.

The announcement said she

is the wife of a Depar-

ment of the Army civilian employee.

The Command added that

a civil administration

court had convicted Earl P. Osborne, an employee of a service club, of sup-

plying the liquor.

Osborne was fined \$0,000

plus one year's hard

labour.

The sentence on Mrs Rose

is subject to review.

Reuter.

Peking's Road To Socialism Puzzling Russia

London, Nov. 23. Soviet officials made the remarkable admission today that Red China is following her own road to socialism, independent of the traditional Moscow lead.

The Peking regime was using "entirely new ways and methods" to achieve socialism which were a complete departure from the traditional approach, the officials said.

Red China was said to be adapting the Marxist-Lenin dogmas to her specific requirements and circumstances.

The Soviet administration confirmed recent indications from Peking that Red China is quietly going her own way, in an apparent effort to free herself from the Kremlin's tutelage.

Moscow appears both puzzled and worried over this trend of Moscow and was taking Peking to task, but the Kremlin appeared anxious to take a good look at what is going on.

Indirectly this amounts to an open admission that Moscow no longer was the undisputed leadership in the sphere of Communist ideology in Asia or Europe.

But, say the Soviets, Peking is not attempting to spread its socialist evolution beyond its frontiers—at least not so far. One of the most puzzling features to the Soviets of Red China's socialist evolution is Peking's alleged tolerances of co-operation with the remaining capitalist and bourgeois classes within the republic.

Peking's independence drive was reported recently to have gained momentum since the de-Stalinisation policy came into operation in Russia.

On-the-spot observers have reported that Red China has one little more than my life service to the new Soviet line both in regard to de-Stalinisation and collective leadership principles—United Press.

Train Disaster

Madras, Nov. 23. At least 104 people were killed today when the southbound Madras-Tuticorin express ran off the rails and plunged down a steep embankment.

Seven carriages followed the engine over the embankment at the Marudayar River bridge, 170 miles from Madras.

Sixty injured are being treated in hospital—Reuter.

Aircraft Crashes

Paris, Nov. 24. An aircraft crashed near Paris tonight shortly after taking off from Orly airport. First reports said 23 people were on board.—Reuter.

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KING'S PRINCESS
SHOWING TO-DAY

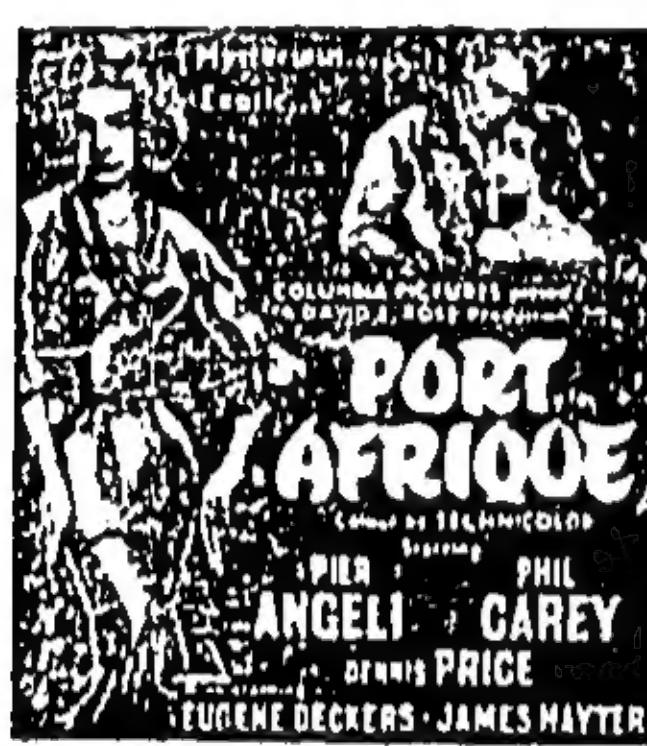


SUNDAY MORNING SHOW TO-MORROW —
KING'S at 11.15 a.m. — PRINCESS at 11.00 a.m.
Latest M-G-M Tom & Jerry Cartoons

At Reduced Admission: \$1.00 & \$1.50

CAPITOL RITZ

SHOWING TO-DAY
At 2.30, 5.30, 7.30 & 9.30 p.m.



To-morrow 12.30 p.m.
"PETER PAN"
— NEXT CHANGE —
INSIDE DETROIT

SHOWING TO-DAY
At 2.30, 5.30, 7.30 & 9.30 p.m.



Added Attraction
"APRIL IN PORTUGAL"
TO-MORROW MORNING SHOW
"THE ROYAL AFRICAN
RIFLES"

SHOWING TO-DAY
At 2.30, 5.30, 7.30 & 9.30 p.m.

Tenderloin and tears, laughter and
kisses, in these fleeting hours
between meeting & parting!



Morning Show To-Morrow 12.30
"THEY WHO DARE"

SHOWING TO-DAY
At 2.30, 5.30, 7.30 & 9.30 p.m.

Arrested to be One of the World's
Best Classical Films



To-morrow Morning Show
"EGYPTIAN" —
Fox's Cinemascope

HONGKONG CONCERT ORCHESTRA



CONDUCTOR VICTOR ARDY

YOUR CHRISTMAS CONCERT
SUNDAY 16th DECEMBER 9 p.m.
RITZ

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HONGKONG: MOUTRIES, TSANG FOOK
KOWLOON: RADIO PEOPLE, MOUTRIES, EVERETT TRAVEL SERVICE

CHRISTMAS BELLS AND CAROLS
MUSIC FROM THE SHOWS OLD TYME SCOTTISH DANCING
COMMUNITY SINGING ETC.

Book Early

Come Early

FILMS

BY JANE ROBERTS

That Certain Feeling:

In this picture both George Sanders and Bob Hope are doing what comes very naturally to both of them. Sanders is being smooth, self centred and sure of himself and Hope is gaggling for all he is worth, with just that touch of pathos that makes one wonder whether this very normal comedian does not hide a streak of greatness in himself somewhere.

Exa Maria Saint has succumbed to the temptation of many actresses and tried to change her personality entirely from that in which she first soared into the public's attention.

Her role in "On The Water-front" won her great praise and the subtlety and restraint of her acting was certainly worthy of the acclaim.

In "That Certain Feeling" however, she appears to be miscast. It would be as well for her to stick to the straight drama for which she obviously has a flair, and branch out into comedy later on.

For the rest, this is quite fun, with the added attraction of a little singing from the blues singer, Pearl Bailey.

Little Monster

Teen Age Rebel:

My first reaction to "Teen Age Rebel" was one of admiration for Ginger Rogers for having preserved her youthful figure throughout the years.

The second was a tribute to the very real tenderness between Michael Rennie and Miss Rogers as the survivors of an eight year old marriage. Without a lot of sticky sentimentality they managed to convey their experiences, a balanced life, a romantic attitude towards each other, consideration for the other's point of view and above all kindness. In fact they are two very nice people.

It seems a pity that into this atmosphere of domestic bliss should erupt the disgruntled figure of Miss Rogers' daughter by a previous marriage.

Michael Rennie was the cause of the break-up of this marriage—though all in the nicest way, of course. The husband didn't behave as a gentlemanly a fashion however. He divorced his wife after she had run away with Michael Rennie and insisted on custody of his seven-year-old daughter.

I had a sneaking feeling her that although we were obviously meant to sympathise with Miss Rogers, who had never doubted for a moment

a working woman is always glad to applaud the activities of another, and when I started out to interview Miss Pai Kwang yesterday morning it was with pleasurable anticipation.

She is a very well-known Chinese film star who was born in the north and who made her greatest appeal to Mandarin-speaking audiences in the past.

At a point when fame seemed to be assured—at least in this part of the world, she gave it up for what seemed to be the more important lure of a less hectic domestic life. However, as she succinctly put it, "this was a mistake" and Miss Pai Kwang has now returned to the Chinese screen.

Her experiences during the time she was away from filming have obviously not been wasted, for instead of being content to speak the words of others, she has now come forward with her own script and added to this the onerous work of directing, producing and appearing in the picture.

"Fresh Peony" is the result. It will be coming to the Roxy and Broadway cinemas next week and Hong Kong will then be able to applaud the courage and

beauty but her triumph is not as complete as it might be. When he arrives home to be confronted by his wife with the watch he had presented to the attractive "stranger" he is able to turn the tables on her by finding an American officer's jacket in her bedroom.

The plot is as complicated as only the story of an opera can be and it would take too long to explain how the coat got there. It is sufficient to say that the lovely Ludmilla is not quite as innocent as she manages to convince her husband.

This is a gay light-hearted film with some amusing asides to the audience by Anton Walbrook and Mel Ferrer, but it is on the long side and seems to have difficulty in coming to a final halt.

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To "Fresh Peony" Miss Pai Kwang has brought her instinctive artistic qualities plus the knowledge of film making technique that makes a worthwhile picture good Box Office. In case my praise of this picture appears to come more from the heart than the head, let me add that it is very well worth seeing.

Mildred Natwick is somewhat of a disappointment after her excellent showing in "The Trouble With Harry". She overdoes the understanding neighbour role and places undue emphasis on merely throwaway lines.

The pair of "kids next door" who are bribed to be nice to daughter Dorothy are played by Diane Jergens and Warren Berlinger—two names you have probably never heard of before. They are a refreshing pair of youngsters and manage to make the typical hup-talking teenager quite likable.

The ending is trite and visible a mile off, but it would have been unsuitable to have had either than a happy conclusion for this pleasant bunch of people.

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QUEEN'S & ALHAMBRA

10.15, 7.30 & 9.30 p.m. 3.30, 5.30, 7.30 & 9.30 p.m.

★ SHOWING TO-DAY ★

ASSOCIATED BRITISH PRESENTS
MICHAEL REDGRAVE • MEL FERRER
ANTHONY QUAYLE • LUDMILLA TCHERINA
ANTON WALBROOK

IN A MICHAEL POWELL &
Emeric Pressburger Production
Oh, Rosalind!

starring
DENNIS PRICE • ANNELESE ROTHENBERGER

IN A MICHAEL POWELL &
Emeric Pressburger Production
Oh, Rosalind!

DISTRIBUTED BY ASSOCIATED BRITISH FILM LTD.

— NEXT CHANGE —

IMPACT! REAL DANCE...
FLAMED AS IT HAPPENED...
IN THE HEART OF
AFARAT AS IT

ZANZABUKU

(Dangerous Safari) • A TRUCOLOR
A REPUBLIC PICTURE

IN A MICHAEL POWELL &
Emeric Pressburger Production
Oh, Rosalind!

— AT REDUCED PRICES —

HOOVER • LIBERTY

CAUSEWAY BAY TEL: 72371 KOWLOON TEL: 60148, 60248

• COMMENCING TO-DAY •
AT 2.30, 5.20, 7.30 & 9.40 p.m.

At A Glance

SHOWING

HOover And LIBERTY

"Annie Get Your Gun": A re-issue in which Betty Hutton hits the ball eye with some well known songs, with Howard Keel, Louis Calhern, J. Carroll Naish, Keenan Wynn.

KING'S and PRINCESS: "That Certain Feeling": George Sanders, Bob Hope, Eva Marie Saint, George

QUEEN'S and ALHAMBRA: "Oh, Rosalind": A musical, Anton Walbrook, Dennis Price, Mel Ferrer, Michael Redgrave, Anthony Quayle, Ludmilla Tcherina.

ROXY and BROADWAY: "Teen Age Rebel": Beauteous brat becomes adjusted angel, Ginger Rogers, Michael Rennie, Betty Lou Klem, Mildred Natwick.

COMING

HOover and LIBERTY: "The Rack": The American court martial of a brainwashed officer, Paul Newman, Trevor Howard, Walter Pidgeon, Edmond O'Brien.

KING'S and PRINCESS: "Jacqueline": Homely story of the Irish slums, John Gregson, Cyril Cusack, Kathleen Ryan, Jacqueline Ryan.

QUEEN'S and ALHAMBRA: "Cha Cha Cha Boom": From the same stable as "Rock Around the Clock", Perez Prado and band.

ROXY and BROADWAY: "Fresh Peony": A Mandarin film with English subtitles, produced and directed by the star, Miss Pai Kwang. "The Best Thing in Life Are Free": A musical featuring the compositions of Bert Sylvan, Brown, Henderson, Dan Dailey, Ernest Borgnine, Gordon Sherwood and North.

As with the opera, the highlight of the film is a masked ball which Ludmilla Tcherina attends without her husband's knowledge, and encourages him to pay attention to her in order to teach the flirtatious French officer a lesson.

Michael Redgrave succumbs to the charms of the mysterious

Anton Walbrook is to the position of host in Vienna to military representatives of England, France, America and Russia. These are played, respectively by Dennis Price, survey by Michael Redgrave, Mel Ferrer and Dennis Price seem uncertain whether to play their parts seriously or as broad comedy.

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If they went on the halls they'd be a smash hit



THE vacuum cleaner (held like an instrument, left) is in full song in "The Hoffnung Music Festival." There are three cleaners and a floor-polisher in a Grand Overture written and conducted by Malcolm Arnold.

ABOVE: George Staniland plays a hot-water bottle in this "explosion of musical exuberance."

Skylarking At The Royal Festival

London. The Palladium? In your eye. It was the Royal Festival Hall.

Yes, they were playing vacuum cleaners, hot water bottles and they huffed and puffed down empty champagne bottles—*BUT IT WAS GOOD MUSIC!*

London critics agreed it was a winner. It was called the Hoffnung Music Festival Concert of 1956. Mr Hoffnung plays a tuba in a London orchestra.

They Shoot Magnets Into Cows' Tummies

St Catharines. Although modern, mechanised farm machinery has proven a boon to farmers, cows who have gobbled up the nuts and bolts left behind by the machinery have developed traumatic gastritis and have to be magnetised to prevent them from dying of the "mechanised disease."

Until recently, when cows swallowed metal objects they usually died when they pierced the animal's stomach lining, or they developed traumatic gastritis.

Dr L.C. Swan, a local veterinarian, recently started treating the ailing cows by shooting magnets into cows' stomachs with a special gun. He treated 12 cows in the district and they are believed to be the first magnetised cows in Canada.

The magnets are about three inches long and a half-inch in diameter. They are designed to remain effective for 10 years.

Avoids Surgery



Another member of the orchestra

Autobahn Doctor

Duesseldorf.

North Rhine-Westphalian State Police are to station a doctor permanently on the dual carriageway highway, leading through the heart of the industrial Ruhr.

The "Autobahn doctor" would go to the scene of any traffic accident together with the police patrol.

Police found that traffic accidents on the Autobahn usually occur far from the centre of any town and far from medical aid.

They estimate that between 10 and 15 per cent of the fatally injured in such accidents might be saved if medical help were available more quickly. *China Mail Special.*

Dr J. Henderson, chief of the medical department at the Ontario Veterinary College, Guelph, Ontario, said he was interested in the new treatment and will do research work on it. *United Press.*

Interesting News Stories From All Parts Of The World

£40 FOR A MONROE WORK

It was the only bid for Marilyn's painting

By Michael Friend

London.

The painting at the art auction which everyone wanted to see was but a few brief wisps of yellow upon white. The subject: a girl, nude but for the suspicion of a transparent skirt.

WHAT IS The Writing On The Rocks?

New York. Deep in the heavy jungle of the Amazon headwaters there are rock-carved symbols which could turn out to be a "time capsule" message from a prehistoric civilisation.

A specimen just back from his third expedition in a continuing effort to solve the riddle of the symbol experts— that mapping of the prehistoric uncharted area with aerial cameras had added new evidence to the theory of a civilisation in the pre-history of South America.

George Michanowsky, President of the Amazonia Foundation, led the recent four-month expedition into the Bolivian headwaters of the Amazon River system.

The expedition located, in the gorge of a legendary "river of writing," a boulder measuring 35 by 35 feet on which were carved more than 20 "petroglyphs" — symbols by which an ancient people may have tried to leave a message to posterity.

The Aymara Indian tribe which lives in the high Andes has perpetuated the story of the existence of a "Khawena Kallata," or river of writing, Mr Michanowsky said. This tribe thought to have been illiterate back through the time of Columbus, but Mr Michanowsky regards it as significant that their spoken language included a word meaning "writing."

Mr Michanowsky believes the river in which his expedition's work was done is the one to which the Aymara legend refers. The symbols also occur on other rock outcroppings in the area. He has developed a theory of deciphering the petroglyphs and has been at work on the project for several years.

ANCIENT ROAD

The aerial survey, in which three planes were used for photographing, disclosed an ancient road linking the town lying river and jungle area with a nearby 14,000-foot plateau. The Aymaras live in the mountainous area of the plateau.

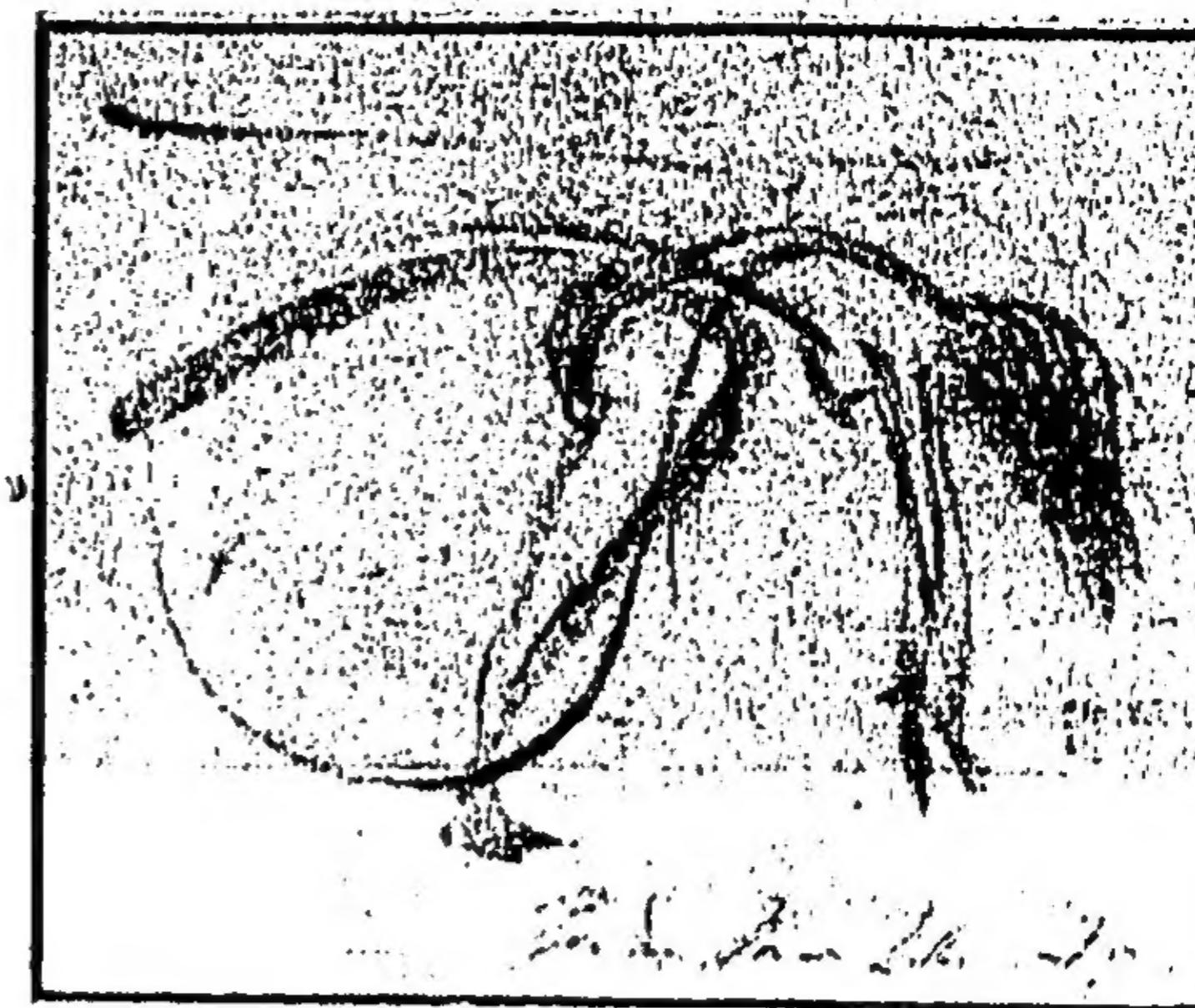
Another accomplishment of the expedition was locating on the high plateau a stone-ware head of a jaguar. There are no jaguars on the plateau now and the Spaniards found none there in their time, Mr Michanowsky said.

"On the jaguar head are painted symbols which to my knowledge never have been found in the Western Hemisphere before," he said. "One is an Egyptian-type tau cross, with a conventional Maltese cross on each side of it."

"This all fits into a theory of an ancient civilisation using some of the ancient symbols of mankind. It is an addition to my theory that human writing may have originated through a universal organising principle, perhaps buried deeply in prehistoric ritual and mystical traditions."

Mr Michanowsky believes he is in the light of these discoveries scholars should re-examine the question of whether writing existed in pre-Columbian South America. Prevailing archaeological thought, he said, has held that it did not.

As to whether some pre-Inca civilisation might have tried to leave a message in the petroglyphs, Mr Michanowsky said that, if he were asked to guess, he would say they might have been trying to tell of something—a vital catalyst—perhaps—a super-virus (exploding star)—United Press.



THE MONROE PAINTING: Done in a temper

GETTING DEARER THERE TOO

Kinkelbos.

I was told something else that Marilyn Monroe Miller painted it in a temper because she was fed up with being a great actress.

Any Interest?

Mr Alan Melville reached for his hammer and began to auction paintings by famous people for the new Central School of Speech and Drama.

"Now here," he said with pomp, "is a work by a well-known visiting American, Mrs Arthur Miller."

The tightly packed and once crumpled forward.

"Come, come," said Mr Melville, sweating good-naturedly. "Is there anyone with any interest in Mrs Monroe? £2.10s."

Honour Satisfied

Mr Melville made a last, gallant effort. "At least," he said "you may say to posterity 'I have Marilyn Monroe in my bedroom!'"

Apparently no one wanted to. "Then I must tell you I have already an offer for it of £40."

The gentleman who gets the original Marilyn Monroe is Mr Terence Rattigan.

The artistic honour of Mrs Arthur Miller has been satisfied.

Long Skirts Are Out

Johannesburg. Skirts reaching down to only three inches above the ankles, as designed by Mr Frederick Starke, a London dress designer, will not be worn in Johannesburg.

Dress manufacturers, designers and buyers in town say that Johannesburg women just won't have long skirts.

The owner of a firm of dress manufacturers in Johannesburg said that because of the variety of materials on the market today, it was not necessary to think out steaming and unusual styles to keep the women of Johannesburg satisfied.

An Italian dress designer agreed with him. "Dresses can be an inch longer, maybe. But not more—no, no, no," he said. *China Mail Special.*



High prices being demanded for cattle have pushed up the price of lobola—the number of cattle traditionally given to parents for an African bride.

In return the husband can expect clothes for the bride from his in-laws—China Mail Special.

INVESTITURE at French Court in Paris 1867



Emperor Napoleon III awarded

Constant Girard-Perregaux, one of the greatest horologists of his day, a gold medal for unusual achievement at the Paris Universal Exhibition.

This magnificent watch by C. Girard-Perregaux was the property of Napoleon III. It shows the day, the month, the year and the phases of the moon. And it literally 'tells' the time, for a twist of the stem rings tiny chimes of varying pitch which distinguish the hours, the minutes and the seconds.

GIRARD-PERREGAUX

Authorized GP Dealers

HONG KONG

ARTLAND WATCH CO. - 28 Des Voeux Road C.
BUDDON WATCH CO. - 104 Queen's Road C.
CHINA EMPORIUM, LTD. - 82-88 Queen's Road C.
HO KIN KEE WATCH CO. - 185 Queen's Road C.
JAMES S. LEE & CO. - 225-227 Gloucester Road C.
SAM YUEN FONCO WATCH CO. - 176 Des Voeux Road C.
LEE JIN KEE WATCH CO. - 9 Bonham Strand E.
H. CHOU WATCH CO. - 134 Queen's Road E.
HOU LING WATCH CO. - 35 Queen's Road E.
TAI YEE JEWELLERS - 164 Des Voeux Road C.
WONG OOK JEWELLERS - 213 Des Voeux Road C.
YU YAT KEE WATCH CO. - 187 Johnston Road

KOWLOON
KUNG BROS. - Miramar Arcade
LA SUISSE WATCH CO. - Shaw's Building, Nathan Road
A. WHITE WATCH CO. - 12 Peking Road
WILKINSON, J. AND CO. - 9 Hanover Street
YU YAT KEE WATCH CO. - 166 Tsim Sha Tsui Road and 386 Shanghai Street

28 Des Voeux Road C.
104 Queen's Road C.
82-88 Queen's Road C.
185 Queen's Road C.
225-227 Gloucester Road C.
9 Bonham Strand E.
134 Queen's Road E.
35 Queen's Road E.
164 Des Voeux Road C.
213 Des Voeux Road C.
187 Johnston Road

Miramar Arcade
Shaw's Building, Nathan Road
12 Peking Road
9 Hanover Street
166 Tsim Sha Tsui Road and 386 Shanghai Street

Killer Infection Strikes At The Playmates

Londonderry. MYSTERY disease which doctors describe as "a powerful, overwhelming infection" has killed two 2½-year-old children, who were playmates, in a Scottish town.

Irene Melvilly died within 25 minutes of being placed in an oxygen tent at Greencore; George Diamond died within three hours of reaching the hospital.

The children lived in next-door houses at Port Glasgow. Doctors in the hospital laboratory and the county public health officials are trying to identify the killer and discover the source of the infection.

Irene's mother, the wife of a 31-year-old shipwright, said: "She was very ill in the morning but she was still able to go to the wedding feast.

Three days later, while neighbours were at Irene's funeral, George developed a high temperature. Within three-and-a-half hours he, too, was dead.



CRISIS crowds at Whitehall. Londoners standing outside Downing Street as Ministers arrive at the Prime Minister's official residence for top-level conferences on the Middle East situation. Expressions are mixed — apprehension on some faces, curiosity of course, even gaiety. (Express)



A week-end air dash from London to Vienna by Welsh actor-playwright Emlyn Williams to trace his 21-year-old son Alan — missing after going on a mercy mission to Hungary — ended with the news that he was among Britons taking shelter in the British Legation in Budapest. Alan, a Cambridge undergraduate, went to help the Red Cross. Emlyn Williams and wife are seen at London Airport on their return. (Express)



AFTER a Buckingham Palace investiture, RSM Veronica Hildeyard with the MBE insignia which she received for her services during the 18 years she has been in the Women's Royal Army Corps. Seen with her are her parents. (Army News)



LONDON students being held off by policemen as they tried to storm the building of the British Communist newspaper, the Daily Worker. Earlier they had demonstrated in sympathy with Hungary outside the Soviet Embassy. It was the second demonstration in two days. (Express)

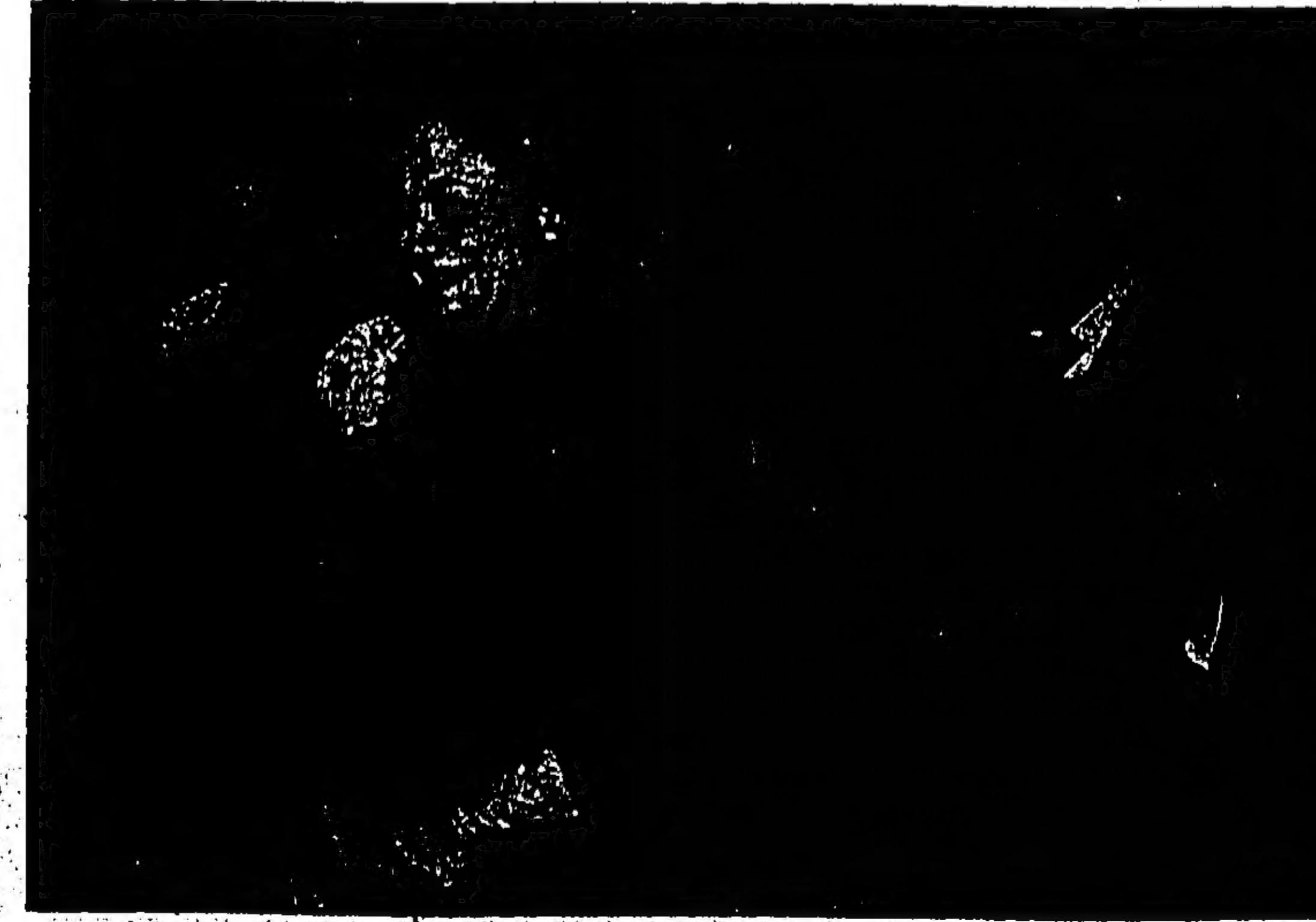
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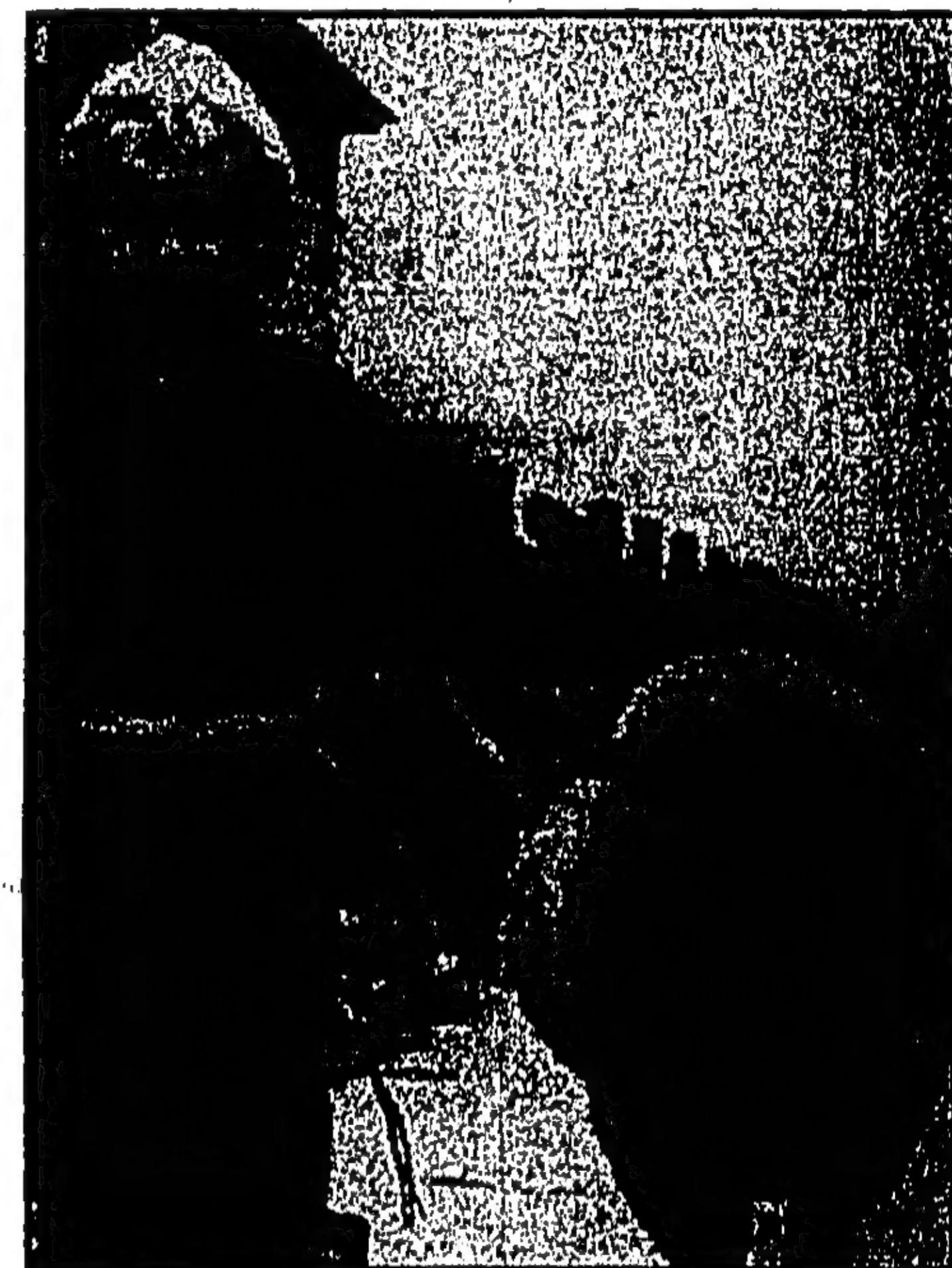
ITALIAN film heart-throb Rossano Brazzi arriving at the Comedy Theatre, London, for a performance of Arthur Miller's "A View From the Bridge." The lady is Signora Brazzi. He is at work in England on a new film. (Express)



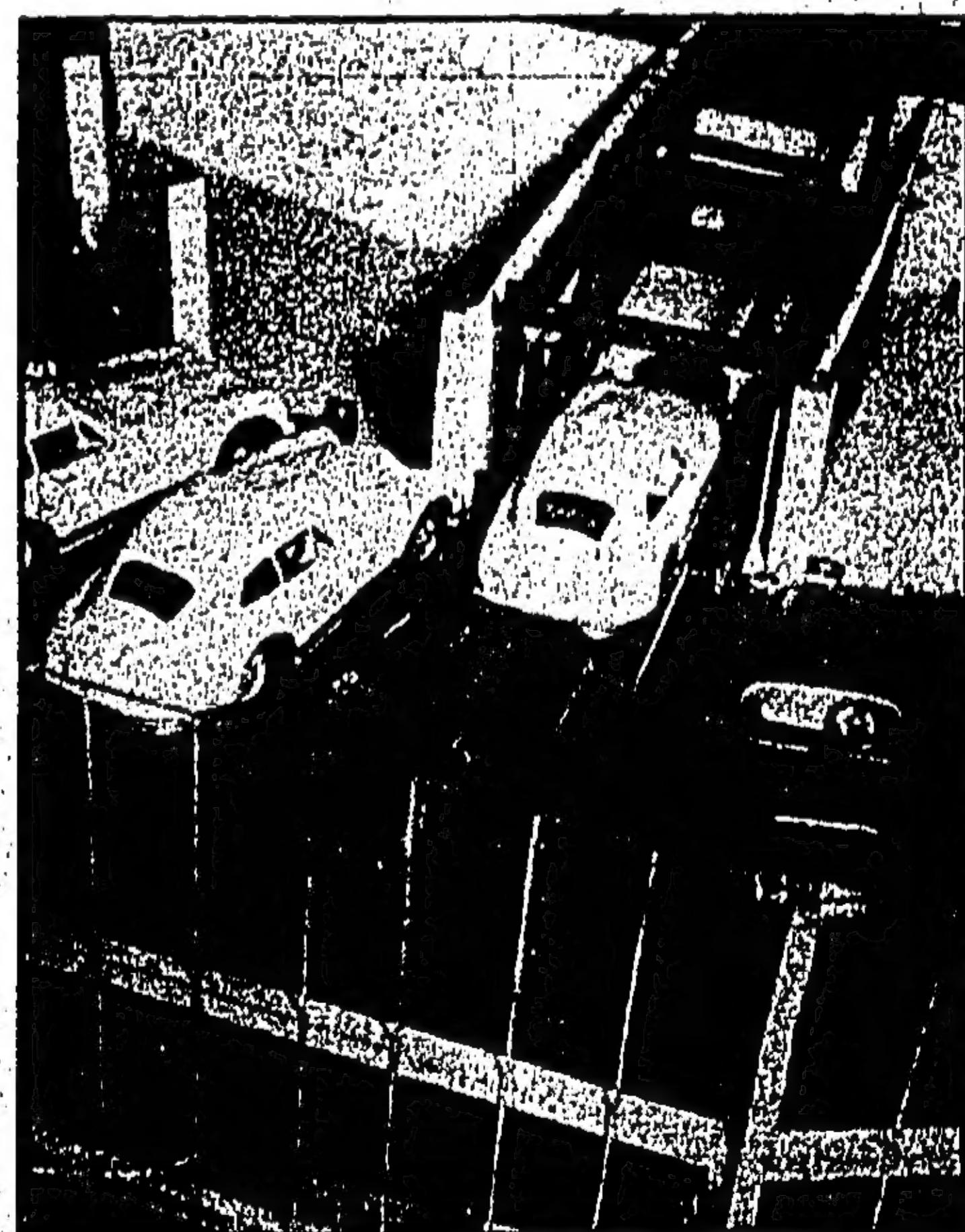
FLAMBOYANT, blonde film actress Diana Dors and her husband, Dennis Hamilton, who were understood to have split during her trip to Hollywood, are now rumoured to have patched up the rift following her return to England. They are seen together in London. (Express)



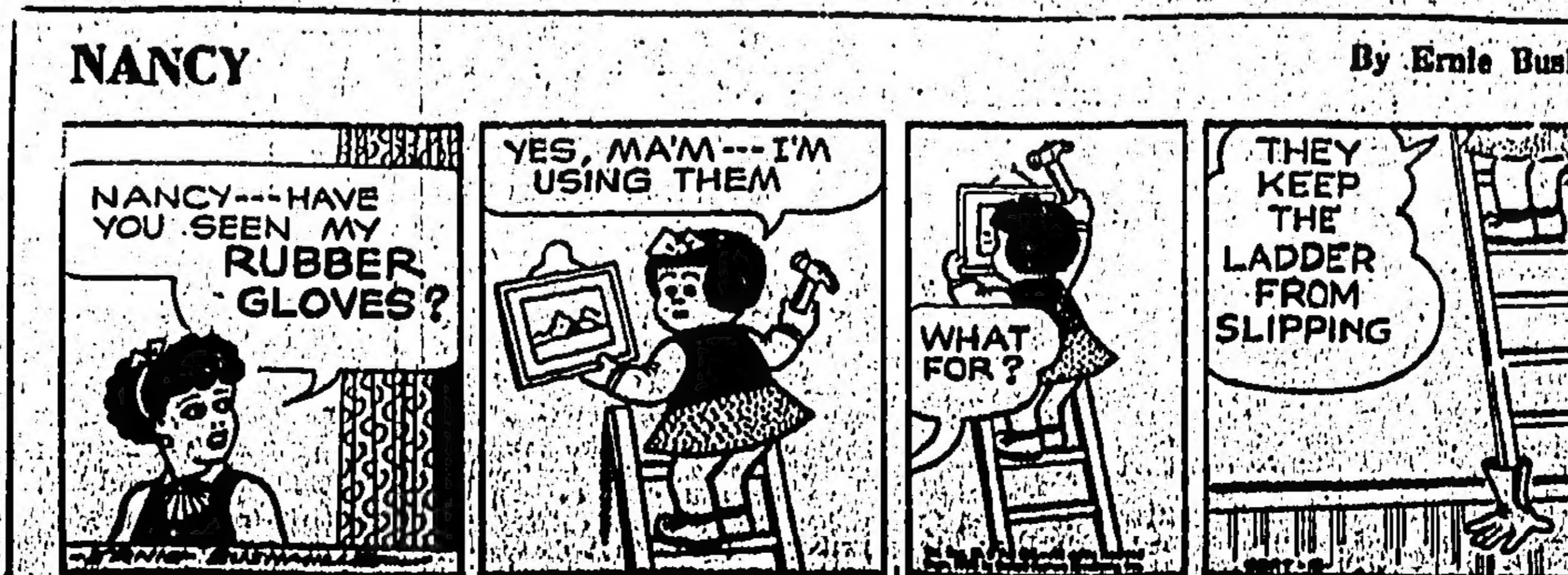
RIGHT: This young English girl has provided a variation to the famous nursery rhyme. Seven-year-old Susan Roper, of King's Lynn, Norfolk, with her four-week-old lamb named Larry. The lamb actually belongs to her brother, but Susan took him in hand, fed him on a bottle, and it was not long before Larry was following her around like a dog. Now, wherever Susan goes, the lamb goes too. Says her mother: "At the rate she's going, we'll soon have a farmyard around us. Besides Larry, she has a pony, a dog and a cat." (Express)



BELOW: The Duke and Duchess of Windsor on their arrival at Victoria Station, London. They were cheered by a large crowd. This is the first visit to Britain in three years for the Duchess, who recently published her memoirs. (Express)



HOW the proposed merry-go-round garage for London will work. The inside of a model of the Rotapark, which will be 12 storeys high and will hold about 400 cars. The floors are like revolving wheels, and cars are taken up to the desired floor and position by four lifts in the centre hub. All the work is to be done by an electronic brain. (Express)



By Ernie Bushmiller

ROWNTREES



A TEA TIME TREAT

Afraid To Eat The Pips?

By CEDRIC CARNE

"DON'T," the harassed mother had said to the child in the bus, "don't swallow the orange pips."

"Why not?" the boy asked. "Because, well, because..." The mother looked baffled.

Some of the passengers had laughed. All the same, I knew that the woman in the bus was really worried about appendicitis.

Thousands of people believe appendicitis is due to swallowing indigestible articles like orange or apple pips. But though I've seen innumerable patients with appendicitis trouble, only once has that theory been valid. On that occasion, when the appendix was opened, a hard pea which presumably had resisted boiling—was found.

I told this to my patient, Mr Hollis, who was convalescing after having his appendix removed.

"I'm surprised," he said. "Mother would never let me eat tomatoes for fear of appendicitis. She was particularly concerned because all my older brothers had to have the operation. But tomatoes or not, I had appendicitis finally."

TWIN SYMPTOMS

"It tends to run in families," I said. "As a matter of fact, not so long ago girl twins were admitted to hospital at the same time suffering from appendicitis. On operation the appendix in both cases was exactly the same shape and size and in the same condition."

Mr Hollis's attack had started a few weeks ago. My telephone bell rang suddenly in the early hours of the morning to wake me up. Soon I was at Mr Hollis's bedside. He had a difficult, vague ache located in the middle of the abdomen. Later the pain became localised in the right side above the groin.

I told him he had acute appendicitis and advised him to have the appendix out, for he had had a number of mild attacks previously. And the more mild attacks a person has the more liable are they to recur.

"I'm glad you advised me to have it out," he said, now that the operation was over. "It wasn't really an ordeal."

WITHOUT GAS

I told him that the first recorded surgical removal of an appendix was on December 6, 1735 by a British surgeon, Cleduit Amyand. The operation took half an hour—a lengthy period in those days when gas had not been discovered.

"Yes, it's all so easy now," Mr Hollis confirmed. "Just one, two, three and you don't know anything about it with these new anesthetics. Still, isn't appendicitis more common these days than it used to be?"

It is commoner, but it was even allowing for better diagnosis. Nowadays, removal of the appendix accounts for more than half of all abdominal emergency operations. Some people believe it is because more people are eating meat. Certainly vegetarians do not suffer from appendix trouble so commonly.

Then again, there are all those people who have vague abdominal discomfort and flatulence from time to time. Taenia dyspepsia is not necessarily due to stomach acidity or ulcers, but to chronic appendicitis. These symptoms clear up when the appendix is removed. But this sort of chronic appendicitis is difficult to diagnose. Not infrequently a normal appendix is removed in error.

"How was mine?" Mr Hollis said anxiously.

"Diseased," I said, and, satisfied, he smiled proudly and radiantly.



"Once more round the block, O loved ones. We've got to use the damn stuff up somehow."

MY SON AND I: HE WILL WORK IN A PUSH-BUTTON AGE, BUT

I DON'T WANT HIM TO FIND HIS JOB TOO EASY

RHONA CHURCHILL continues her talks with men who should know what the future holds, and how parents can prepare their sons to meet it.

I'VE been reading a lot about automation lately. The papers were full of it earlier this year—and, frankly, as a mother, I find the prospect of push-button factories worrisome.

I'm not sure I want my son to live in a world where machines take over so drastically from men.

I know from experience that it's more fun working hard than idling. I want my son to have to work hard for his living in his early years. I want him to have an absorbing job, and one no machine can ever take from him.

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It would be a scientist and sociologist, give me sound advice.

I was right. Dr Ewart, has three young children, so he, too, has a big stake in the future. In fact,

the training of youth for the new scientific age has become his hobby-horse.

"Your son must study science at school," he told me. "That's absolutely vital in this day and age, with science developing so rapidly.

"It doesn't matter what career he eventually chooses, he will need to have a basic knowledge of the language of science to pass us an educated man in the 1970's. Without it he'll get left behind.

"He must learn now to think of the world in terms of atoms and molecules, and to understand and use quite naturally words which are strange to you."

"And automation?" I asked. "I don't want a machine taking over my son's job."

"Automation will have a profound effect on life in Britain when your son is around 30."

SCIENCE IS A MUST say Dr J. Bronowski (top) and Sir Ewart Smith.



Higher standard

"If factories work multiple shifts there will have to be round-the-clock facilities for entertainment and shopping. Productivity will rise, and with it our standard of life, provided we use automation intelligently.

"One of the big changes I foresee is that industrialists will need to keep their factories working day and night to cover the high cost of their automatic machines.

"It seems to me all wrong that dead language should still be thought so vital in this scientific age," I said. "What do you think, as a man in the head of a firm employing 100,000 and facing automation?"

"You're right," he said. "Your son would have been better off studying physics. It provides a more logical discipline than Latin, and at the same time is useful as a foundation for all technical and scientific work."

"Keep your son at school and college as long as you can. Eventually, if we are to hold our own as an industrial nation, we shall have to raise our school-leaving age and lengthen the period of university courses. But these changes may come too late to benefit your son."

"Your son will probably do more gardening, more home carpentry, and more reading than his father has been able to do. Develop his interest in hobbies."

"It is hard to say how quickly these changes will come. A war might accelerate them; an economic crisis would slow them down. They will certainly come faster in America than in Britain, because America can more readily afford the capital outlay."

For more detailed knowledge of how my son should prepare himself for an automatic world, I went to Sir Patrick Hennessy, British chief of Fords, and Sir Ewart Smith, technological chief of I.C.I. and chairman of the British Productivity Council.

INCREASED automation will also mean increased efficiency and better management if Britain is to survive as an economic power. Without it say the experts, our nation will become an economic nonentity.

Frankly, I'd rather my son became a manager than an engineer. I've watched him succeed as a Scout patrol-leader. He has a flair for running things and organising.



Sir Patrick Hennessy

Sir Ewart Smith

So I asked Sir Patrick, at Fords: "How can I help my son to become a manager in a big outfit like yours?"

"You can do a lot to foster the necessary characteristics in your son. Develop his courage and independence. Don't send him to the university just for the sake of broadening his outlook."

"A university education is important for the scientist and the professions, but I don't believe in it as a preparation for life. Life is the best university. Send your boy round the world, working his passage."

"Remember that the man is more important than his technical qualifications. Concerns like ours will always be searching for youngsters with high integrity, strong personality, great enthusiasm, complete absorption in the job, and a flair for getting on with their fellowmen at all levels. Such men make good managers."

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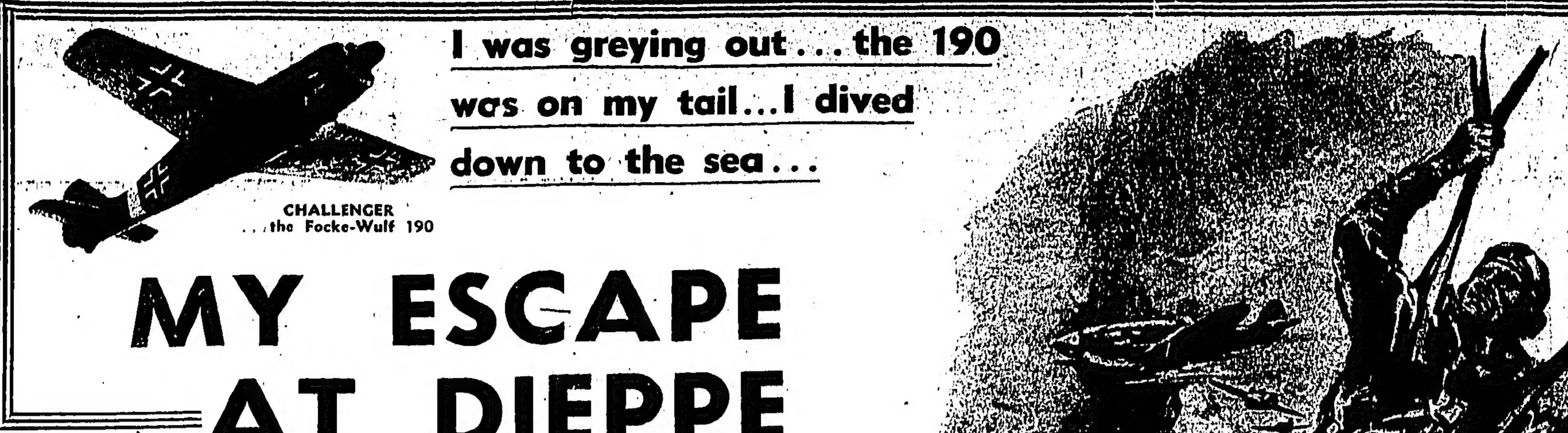
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I was greying out... the 190
was on my tail... I dived
down to the sea...

CHALLENGER
the Focke-Wulf 190

MY ESCAPE AT DIEPPE

DISCOURAGE the presence of wives—that was lesson I learned during my first summer of intensive air fighting.

I saw too often the ill effects of mixing marriage and war. I remember the wife of one particular officer—rather older than the rest of us—who was missing from a fighter sweep over France.

For weeks we had no news of him. And day after day his wife, a woman with a flat, unhappy voice, telephoned or turned up in person to ask for news. I suppose we were a callous lot, but we came to dislike and resent the sound and sight of her.

HARROWING

IN her sorrow and harrowing anxiety this unfortunate woman wore down our patience. Her continued presence on the fringe of our squadron life had a lowering effect on morale.

When I was appointed to command a squadron I soon found that I was to be involved in the agony of bereaved wives and parents, whether they lived elsewhere at hand or far away. I had a sharp introduction into the most disagreeable of all duties faced by a commanding officer in wartime—that of writing to the next-of-kin of missing pilots. The writing of those letters was often a soul-searing business. My first major

• It is 1942, Johnnie Johnson, top-scoring Allied fighter pilot of the war, is given command of a squadron—and is ordered to lead them into the "ill-conceived, clumsily executed" attack on Dieppe.

A heavy pall of black smoke hung over Dieppe. As we went in I heard some wing leader shouting instructions to his pilots—

"Flight your way out now, Get out! Watch these 190s above us, All Elfin aircraft—get out, get out!"

BAFFLED

A HEAD of us Spitfires, Messerschmitts and Focke-Wulfs milled about the sky. It was too early to search for an opening, since the 190s had the height on us, and my task was to keep the squadron together as long as possible and guard the rest of the wing below.

My senior flight commander, Denis Crowley-Milling, called a break and we swung round together to find the 190s at our own level in pairs and fours, and seemingly baited by our move. A 190 pulled up in front of my own section and I gave him a long burst from maximum range. Surprisingly the enemy plane began to shake, the wheels dropped and it fell away to the sea. Crowley transmuted, his voice as cheerful as ever:—

TOP COVER

FOR the greater part of our journey across the Channel Jameson held us just above the choppy sea. About 10 miles from Dieppe we began the climb to our allotted height of 10,000 feet. My squadron was top cover for the wing.

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"Fighter Command
was bested by the
Luftwaffe that day
our losses were
grievous."

"Good shooting, Johnnie." The Messerschmitts and Focke-Wulfs came down on us from astern and the banks. They were full of fight, and for a time we could think of nothing but evasion and staying alive. During a steep turn I caught a glimpse of a strong formation of enemy fighters heading towards Dieppe from inland, and I called a warning to the wing leader:—"Jamie, strong enemy reinforcements coming in. About 50-plus. Over."

ALONE...

JAMIE was hard at it. He called 11 Group to ask for assistance. During a lull in the attacks on my own section, now reduced to three aircraft, fastened on to a solitary Messerschmitt and sent it spinning down. Then they came at us again. Later we estimated that we saw well over 100 enemy fighters.

Three Spitfires from my squadron were shot down already. I saw my own wingman, the Australian sergeant-pilot "South" Creagh, planking down streaming white glycol from his engine. It was impossible to protect him, for if we took our eye off the enemy fighters for a second they would give us the same treatment. They're bound to finish him off as he jettisons his crippled Spitfire, I thought.

I still had one Spitfire alongside, but I lost him when we broke in opposite directions. Then I was alone in the hostile sky.

Ranging from ground-level to 20,000 feet and having a diameter of 20 or 25 miles, the air battle drifted and eddied over the coast and inland. The wing had long lost its cohesion, but we carried out our task by fighting single or in pairs and fours, and so achieved some concentration in the target area.

AN ITALIAN?

I SPOTTED a solitary aircraft over the town. I eased towards him and recognised the enemy fighter as a Focke-Wulf 190—the new type of German fighter which was to come close to regaining air superiority for the Luftwaffe during the next 18 months. This was my first meeting with a breed which I quickly learned to respect—and fear.

For once I was not harried and I yawed my Spitfire to cover the blind spot behind me. But these movements attracted the attention of the enemy pilot and he snaked towards me, almost head on. We both turned hard to the left and whirled round on opposite sides of what seemed to be an ever-decreasing circle.

The 190 bore strange markings on the side of its fuselage just below the cockpit. This painted crest looked very similar to the markings of the Italian Air Force, and I thought, "This pilot is an Italian!"

MY MISTAKE

WE had not seen them since they had received some severe treatment over the Thames Estuary towards the end of the Battle of Britain. We had been looking for them ever

since, for we had little regard for their fighting qualities in the air.

Feeling certain of victory, I forgot the vulnerability of a lone Spitfire and tightened my turn to get on his tail.

With wide-open throttle I held the Spitfire in the tightest of shuddering vertical turns. I was greying-out, and where was this Italian, who should, according to my reckoning, be filling my gunsite? I couldn't see him, and little wonder, for the brute was gaining on me and in another couple of turns would have me in his sight.

WE DODGED

THE over-confidence of but a few seconds before had already given way to irritation at losing my opponent. And irritation was quickly replaced by a steaming apprehension. I asked the Spitfire for all she'd got in the turn, but the 190 hung behind and continued to gain. It could only be a question of time, and not much of that!

Stick over and well forward, I plunged into a near-vertical dive—a dangerous manoeuvre, for the 190 was more stable and faster than my Spitfire in such a descent, but I had decided on a possible method of escape.

At ground-level I pulled into another steep turn, and as

slammed the nose down and eased out a few feet above the sea.

I broke hard to the left and searched for the 190, but he was no longer with me. Either the blak had put him off or, better still, had nailed him. I made off at high speed to West Malling, glad to be still alive.

Other pilots of the wing came home singly and in pairs. But many planes were missing. As the day wore on and sortie followed sortie, the strength of the wing was sadly depleted.

She was working in the North operations room of the Auxiliary Fire Service. We began to see a lot of each other. We fell in love. We became engaged.

The wedding took place in Norwich in November. I had flown down from Scotland and

OUT OF THE SUN: PART THREE

by JOHNNIE JOHNSON

Group Captain J. E. Johnson, D.S.O. & 2 bars, D.F.C. and bar

I gauged the height and watched the rooftops I caught a glimpse of the promenade, of stationary tanks, of the white chiseling and a deserted beach.

The 190 was still behind me, and for a few seconds we dodged round the spires and columns of smoke. Then I made my bid to shoot him off.

A short distance off-shore I could see a destroyer surrounded by a cluster of smaller ships. We had been carefully briefed not to fly below 4,000 feet over the shipping, otherwise they would open fire. But that was a minor consideration, compared with this 190 on my tail.

I rammed the throttle into the emergency position, broke on my turn, and at sea-level headed straight at the destroyer.

Flak and tracer came straight at me from the destroyer, and more, slower tracer from the 190 passed over the top of the cockpit. At the last moment I pulled over the destroyer, then

The Dieppe raid must be regarded as a complete failure, for none of its stated objectives were achieved in full measure. It was a story of poor security, of faulty intelligence, of inadequate communications between air and ground, of a confused and bloody ground situation over which central control could not be exercised.

It was also a story of great gallantry and heavy loss of life. The record of the (Canadian) Ex-Servicemen, who brought back 52 men of whom 28 were wounded, out of a startling strength of 553, gives some indication of the desperate situation on the ground.

Soon after this there were two developments in my career, neither of which conformed at all with my planned scheme of things.

I got married. And my squadron, instead of moving further south, was posted for the winter to Castletown, the most northerly airfield on the British mainland.

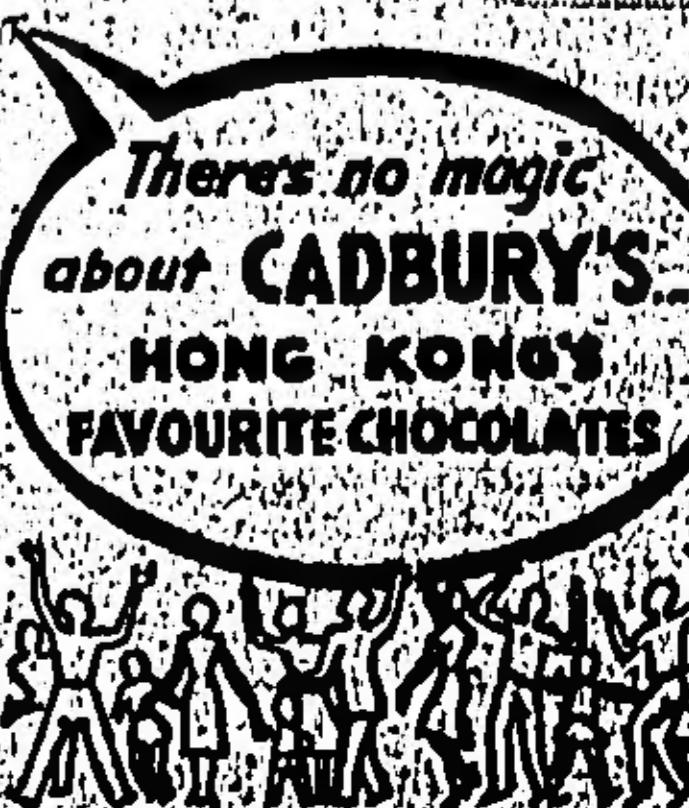
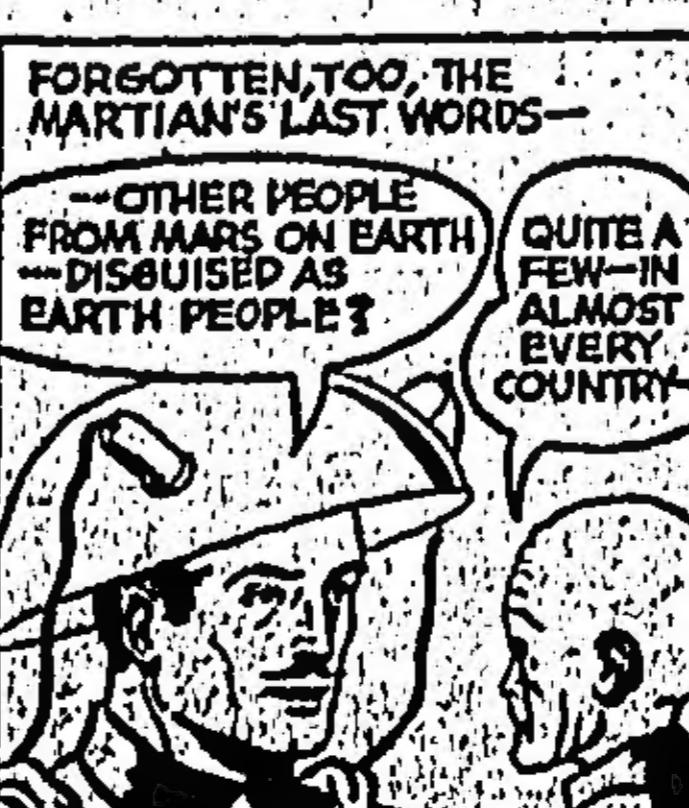
Stayed with Cocky, who was my best man. He was commanding a Typhoon squadron at nearby Matlock. There was a prolonged party to mark my last hours as a bachelor, and I remember that a lot of cars got bent—including the Camp Commandant's vintage Bentley in which I left a road and ended up in a ploughed field.

After the wedding Paula and I set out for the honeymoon in my little Morris Minor—. The years stretched ahead into infinity and, like many others, we snatched some happiness while we could. We agreed that so long as I remained on ops she should continue to live at home. I had seen too much of the camp followers.

In Scotland we trained hard and established a local record for the number of bullets dispatched at air and ground targets. We found that Cawthron contained far more than sleep and we fell under the spell of wild beauty and the warm hospitality of its inhabitants.

By Lee Falk and Phil Davis

MANDRAKE THE MAGICIAN



There's no magic about CADBURY'S HONG KONG'S FAVOURITE CHOCOLATES

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HEAD ON!

HE sat up and rubbed his head. "That was a hell of a drop," I said. "Are you all right?" What about your legs, Colin?"

"Oh, they're quite all right, sir," I answered.

"Are you sure? Perhaps we'd better call the doc?" I suggested.

"No, thank you, sir. You see, I fell on my head."

(Continued on Page 7, Col. 1)

Should A Fighter Pilot Marry During Wartime?

The years
stretched ahead
into infinity
and like
many others we
snatched some
happiness while
we could

(Continued from Page 6)

We planned with the Focke-Wulf men after arriving at Tangmere.

I started when, with the other two squadrons of 100s, we flew a close escort to a dozen V-1s in the area of a target at Cherbourg.

The Focke-Wulfs had a small force just below the clouds and they left no gap for me. Spitties were manoeuvring above them. They were well covered in both banks, and I dropped my squadron behind so that we could sweep the target area after the attack, protecting the bombers as they turned for home.

The Focke-Wulfs were ready and waiting. Their leader was very clever, and did not show his hand until we turned over Cherbourg. Then he wheeled

'GET DOWN'

THURSDAY. "Pappy" Wright had turned in his wing when I came in to see him. Spitties were still flying, but I had had a few hours' sleep, intended with Heffington. I had to take him out, but the Spitties still responded to his commands and he dropped his gun and headed towards Tangmere.

Nine Spitties left, and the 100s still hummed away at us. The main fire was out of sight, so I called my section.

"Get down on the deck and fight your way out. I'm going down. Now!"

We flew only a few feet above the sullen, quietly lifting sea.



Today . . . Rugby practice for the Johnson family at their home in Norfolk. The wartime air fighter has two sons, Michael and Christopher.

If the Focke-Wulfs wanted to fight it out then the battleground would be of our choosing.

With every turn of the 100s, the Spitties would be bushing the trees. They would have to pay a lot of attention to their height. And in the past, the German pilots had shown a marked distaste for this type of combat.

I wanted my Spitties. Four in my section, Alan Leurde, now senior flight commander, well set on the port side with three, Seven. Where were the other two? I looked across the grey sea to the starboard side. Nothing. Then something caught my eye well above. It was a section of two Spitties still flying straight and level well above us.

The section was led by an officer who was not a permanent member of the squadron but who was attached to us for a week or two before going to another unit. I could see a bunch of 100s behind the two Spitties, and I turned my section towards them and shouted a warning over the radio.

SCREAMS

WE were too late, for when we straightened out of the turn the Focke-Wulfs were breaking away from their attack, and our two Spitties were going down. The leading Spitfire was badly hit. It poured black smoke. I felt it begin to burn.

We could do nothing except wait and hope that a parachute would flare out. But instead of seeing these few precious moments to bail out the man inside suddenly panicked and screamed over the radio. We had never heard this sort of thing before, and for a few shocked moments we listened to his dreadful moutings.

I came out of my stupor and flicked on my transmitter switch to jam his screams. We watched the Spitfire smash into the cold sea at a

shallow angle. I parsed a fix to Tangmere and flew low over the sea. The heaving waters had already closed in and there was no sign of wreckage or dinghy. The seven of us flew back to Tangmere together and did not speak again until we were on the ground.

Wright had managed to stagger back to Westhampnett and Skibinski had, quite surprisingly, also got home. But a few days later we lost another Polish pilot, Skibinski, when we tangled with 50 or 60 100s just inside the French coast.

"I'll have to get my log books for the hours," I answered cautiously. "What's the form?"

"Oh, just the usual 'routine stuff,'" he explained, but he was a shade too nonchalant for my liking. "Anyway, never mind about hours. When did you last have a rest from ops?"

"Just had one," I lied. "We've just come down here from the north of Scotland. Wonderful shooting up there. Good salmon too. Just the sort of rest you want."

"I see," he replied and I wondered whether he did.

I had, in fact, spoken the truth. I was not really tired, and I knew that I should not take a rest at that stage.

A few hours later I answered the telephone again, and had to wait until the line was transferred to the group commander, Air Vice-Marshal Skibinski.

"Hello, Johnnie. What's all this I hear about a rest at Castlewood with your squadron?"

"Well, it was far better than the usual rest, sir," I countered defiantly.

"I hope it was," he answered quietly, "because I'm giving you a wing of your own. The Canadian Wing at Kenley. They've got the new Spitfire IXs. Put your stripe up and get back."

"COPYRIGHT

IN this fight Reg Grant, C.O.

of one of the other squadrons in the wing, lost three of his New Zealand pilots, one of whom was his younger brother.

My squadron had now lost five pilots in almost as many days, and we could not continue operations for much longer at such a high casualty rate. Our wing leader left us, and pending the appointment of his successor I sometimes led the Tangmere Wing. Our penetrations into France were considerably less than those of two years ago. And when the controller called up and told me of enemy gunnery five and ten miles away, my reaction was to avoid combat unless sun and height would give us the perfect bounce.

Such was the superiority of the Focke-Wulf over our Spitfire in the spring of 1943.

One day I was called to the telephone and found it was a staff officer from 11 Group headquarters on the other end.

"Morning, Johnnie. Could I please have your total operational hours and when you last had a rest?"

I had a sudden fear of being posted to a training unit, for I had in fact completed more than the official quota of operational hours without a rest from squadron life.

under the flood of angry tears shed over Russia's rape of Hungary.

Never at any time a real political force, the Communist Party of Great Britain is groggily trying to stem the flow of disgruntled renunciations and resignations by prominent Communists at all levels.

Even stalwarts who accomplished the political acrobatics demanded by gigantic switchabouts, like the Stalin-Hitler pact of 1939, are quitting the party, sickened by its lickspittle support of the Kremlin line on Hungary.

THE PINCH

And there are no signs that the majority of them do blame Sir Anthony for this. After all, it has been demonstrated to them that the majority of the block ships were sunk in the Canal by Egyptians after the cease-fire.

So, for what it's worth, here is my tip—don't look for any big switch on political power in Britain as a result of the Suez affair.

And there was little comfort for the Socialists in the results of the by-election at Chester. The Conservative majority dropped, but so did the vote as a whole, and the increase in the Labour vote was in no way comparable with the drop in the Conservative majority, thereby indicating no wholesale transfer of political allegiance.

THE RED TWILIGHT

To be sung to the air of "The Red Flag":

"The people's flag is turning pink . . ."

"It's not so red as you might think . . ."

"Apparently the red eye in the 'banners' of Britain's Communist party began to run . . ."

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GOODBYE . . .

"I'M leaving here, darling," I explained. "But I'm not going far and not crossing the water."

"When are you leaving?" she asked.

"Tomorrow. I'm just saying goodbye to the boys. Don't you hear the noise?"

"Yes, they're singing that dreadful song again! What about our week-end?" asked the sleepy voice from Norwich.

"We'll have to scrub it, I'm afraid. You see, darling, they're promoting me to wing commander and I have to be at the new place tomorrow."

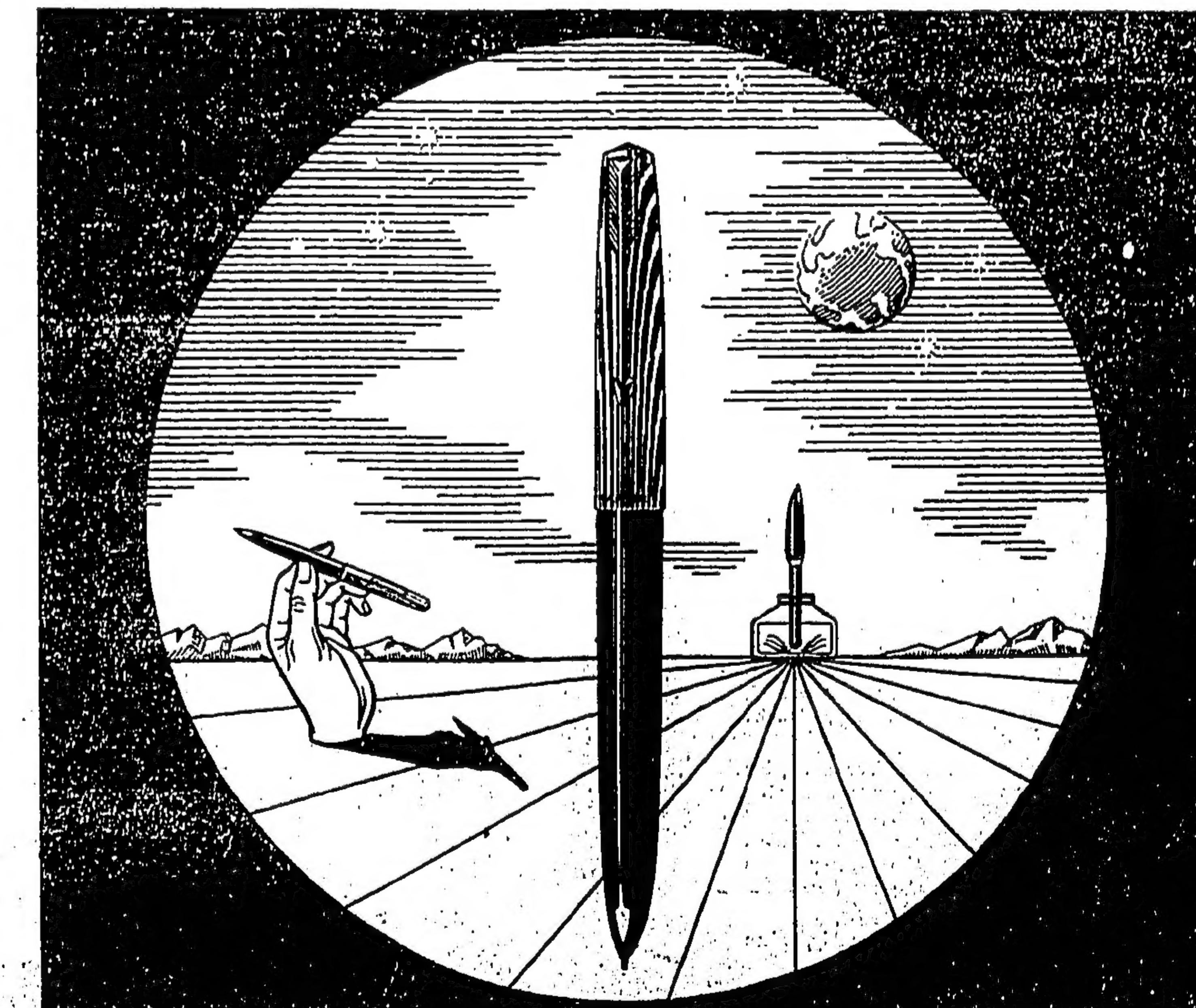
Suddenly she was no longer sleepy, but all woman and incomprehensible.

"Why can't they promote you next week?"

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Suez Won't Topple The Tories

By YORKE HENDERSON

THE commuter sitting opposite me in the suburban train was talking about ". . . the crisis we've been having." Half the front page of the mass-circulation daily paper he was carrying was devoted to the unsettled domestic affairs of Miss Diana Dors, a curvaceous film star.

"The crisis we've been having" and Miss Dors back on the front page: it was as neat a summing up as you could wish of popular British reaction to the troubled international scene.

The answer is, of course, that the British are not very good at maintaining a crisis atmosphere. And with no actual shooting going on in the Middle East, they can see ahead—and the chances are that they are right—another seemingly interminable round of conferences and get-togethers to clear up the Suez trouble.

NO ELECTION

At the political level, however, Suez remains very much an issue, and the Socialists clearly cherish the belief that it provides them with a wonderful chance of returning to power. Certainly, David Steel went so far as to depict fiery Leftists—Armstrong, Bowen, as Britain's Foreign Secretary after

the next general election, confronted by an appalling tangle left by his Conservative predecessors in office.

Fact is that there is no general election due for over three years. And the Conservatives have made it plain that, even the Suez affair, they have no intention of "going to the country."

Mo'over, the signs are that Prime Minister Eden's Conservatives have more popular support than the Socialists give them credit for.

LABOUR HOPES

For instance, a Gallup poll, published by the Liberal News Chronicle, which has roundly attacked Eden over Suez, showed a majority of the people in support of the Prime Minister.

And there was little comfort for the Socialists in the results of the by-election at Chester. The Conservative majority dropped, but so did the vote as a whole, and the increase in the Labour vote was in no way comparable with the drop in the Conservative majority, thereby indicating no wholesale transfer of political allegiance.

THE RED TWILIGHT

To be sung to the air of "The Red Flag":

"The people's flag is turning pink . . ."

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"Apparently the red eye in the 'banners' of Britain's Communist party began to run . . ."

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The Nelson signal —the theory is 'He never sent it...'

By JOHN WILSON

ONE of the Royal Navy's oldest traditions, Nelson's famous Trafalgar signal "England expects..." is being challenged by a retired naval rating at Portsmouth. "It could never have been made," claims Mr. Ernest George Walder, 76-year-old former Yeoman of Signals.

Mr. Walder left his native Germany in 1897. He was serving in Nelson's flagship. He checked the logs of none of the other 26 ships at Trafalgar and could find no reference to the signal.

He says that the signal would have needed at least 12 ships' hoots and would have taken about an hour to send and much longer to pass all 26 ships.

"What I heard is going to be true that much later when he got into battle" he said. Mr. Walder.

Mr. Walder started from the Navy in 1921, and spent another 20 years working as a signal establement in the Royal Navy.

I know the subject thoroughly and I am convinced that the signal is a legend," he said.

But in the Victoria, now a museum in Portsmouth dockyard, Lieutenant Stanley Noble, the other man commented:

"According to all our records the signal was made and it is mentioned in all the narratives of the battle."

BILLY WALLACE said: "I want the waiter with the waiter."

The wife waiter hovering by our table winced visibly.

I winced too.

I had primed them all in my Mayfair club that I was arriving with Princess Margaret's closest friend. Everything had to be laid on. Wines were to be chilled: champagne prepared.

For me during the meal I sang a song: "Make with me a girl friend says

Billy Wallace, as the waiter yawned, while spiraled over.

"My drinking days are finished," I said. "I have been quite ill with a liver complaint."

"Do as I mean," I asked the permanent loyal favourite, "that you days of revelry are through."

"I will," she said, and Wallace

Princess now my taste simpler. I have just moved into a new home in Mayfair, next to the Ritz. Organisation. I spend my time watching ambitious girls creeping into the Ritz building all day and equally ambitious girls walking past the houses all night."

I said: "You must spend a remarkable amount of time looking out of the window?"

"You forget," he said. "I have been ill. There was nothing else to do."

Why is Billy Wallace such a favourite at Clarence House?

Find me a girl friend says Billy Wallace...

by RODERICK MANN

I would say because he is one of the few men to master the happy knack of treating Margaret like a woman without ever forgetting she is a Princess.

He is certainly the only man I know ever to stand her up.

Once when he had a date at Clarence House — his mother flew home unexpectedly.

Wallace called the Princess: "I'm sorry," he said. "But I have to meet my Mum."

How did the Princess react to such cavalier treatment?

"She was very understanding."

Has Wallace — by far the most entertaining of the Princess's friends — ever been in the running as a royal suitor?

No. His romantic interests lie elsewhere.

As we parted he said: "If you know any pretty girls I wish you'd introduce me. The Wallace Collector is getting dangerously low..."

Jake's 10 tons

IN SOHO I find one of my favourite characters celebrating his 70th birthday: Sir Jacob Epstein.

Grumbles Wild Jake: "How d'ya find me? Can't keep a thing secret."

A few minutes later I bump into that debonair dandy, Cecil Beaton.

"Of late," I say, "you have been observed with sundry

I ask him how he spent his birthday.

"Clipping a 10-ton memorial stone to the new T.U.C. headquarters," says Epstein. "It's nearly finished."

With a chuckle he adds: "And so am I."

Local colour

YES... Saturday night in London, the restaurants and clubs crowded.

I see the Ben Lyons, script-

writer Michael Pertwee, pro-

ducer Otto Preminger.

Preminger is dancing with a

lovely girl.

"An actress," speculates the head-waiter. "Or — if she's not the sort will be."

Eric Ambler comes in.

I say: "I just read your book, 'The Nightcomers.' I didn't think

the Southeast Asia background

nearly as authentic as your

Middle East thrillers."

"Curious," says Ambler. "I actually went to the East. My knowledge of the Middle East was gained from an atlas..."

Introduction

But bled no tears for Beaton.

Respectable or not, he is still

one of the photographers they

call round to the Palace when

an official picture is needed.

And the costumes he designed

for the hit Broadway show

"My Fair Lady" filled his pockets

with dollars.

I would say he could probably

go for as long as seven months

without taking another picture.

Unless, of course, there was

somebody new he wanted to

meet.

interesting characters. Garbo and Ulanova, for instance. Inside every photograph — is there a socialite struggling to get out?"

"My camera," he agrees, "has served as an introduction to many famous faces."

I recall that 52-year-old Beaton once said: "The photographer is of lower social status than the writer... It is not a respectable profession."

Should I assume that Beaton — an author of note — thought of himself not as a camera but as a sheet of paper?

"Yes," said Beaton. "Sometimes I go for as long as six months without taking a picture."

"At 80 pence a sitting, I reflect, he can well afford to."

With a request to stay on at the Court of St James's. Indefinitely.

The ambassador has been

offered a transfer for nearly a

year.

I can reveal that the hand-

some duke has not been happy.

Since the duchess told him they

ought to lead separate lives.

She did not like the con-

tinuous London round of parties

and late nights.

The marriage was annulled.

But neither General Franco nor

the Church has accepted the

annulment. Today the duchess

lives quietly in the South of

France.

London, And the duke attends fewer parties in London.

CHOP THAT IVY!

I MET a man a few days ago who is mad about ivy that stuff that grows on trees, that is.

So mad that he carries a small axe with him everywhere and cuts ivy down wherever he sees it strangling a tree.

Dr Douglas Latto is a London obstetrician and gynaecologist.

He told me: "I used to carry a small stainless axe in the back of my car."

"But I soon found this insufficient for coping with some of the thicker trunks. Now I carry a large greenwood saw with a detachable blade and a small falling axe."

How long has this chopping been going on? Four years.

"I love trees, I love flowers; I hate to see them massacred by ivy," he said.

"Did you know the late Queen Mary also had a 'thing' about ivy? Couldn't bear it."

"When she saw any ivy at houses she visited, she promptly told the owner to get rid of it."

Another ivy chopper, I learned, is Viscount Alexander of Tunis. He is vice-president of The Men of the Trees Society, of which the doctor is a member.

The society's aim, you will not be surprised to know, is the protection of trees.

UNHAPPY MOSS

LEAVING the British winter behind and unhappy at the prospect — is racing driver Stirling Moss.

Before flying out to race in sunny Venezuela, America, Australia and Bermuda, he told me: "I would much rather be staying three months among strangers."

"I get lonely travelling by myself all the time. And I shall have spent nine months out of England this year."

"You do learn to appreciate home. I would like to have some reasonable routine for a change — to be able to say 'Yes' to an invitation instead of 'I am sorry but I shan't be here.'"

GRACIE'S HOME

GRACIE Fields turned up at a West End party last week in black. She is in mourning for her father.

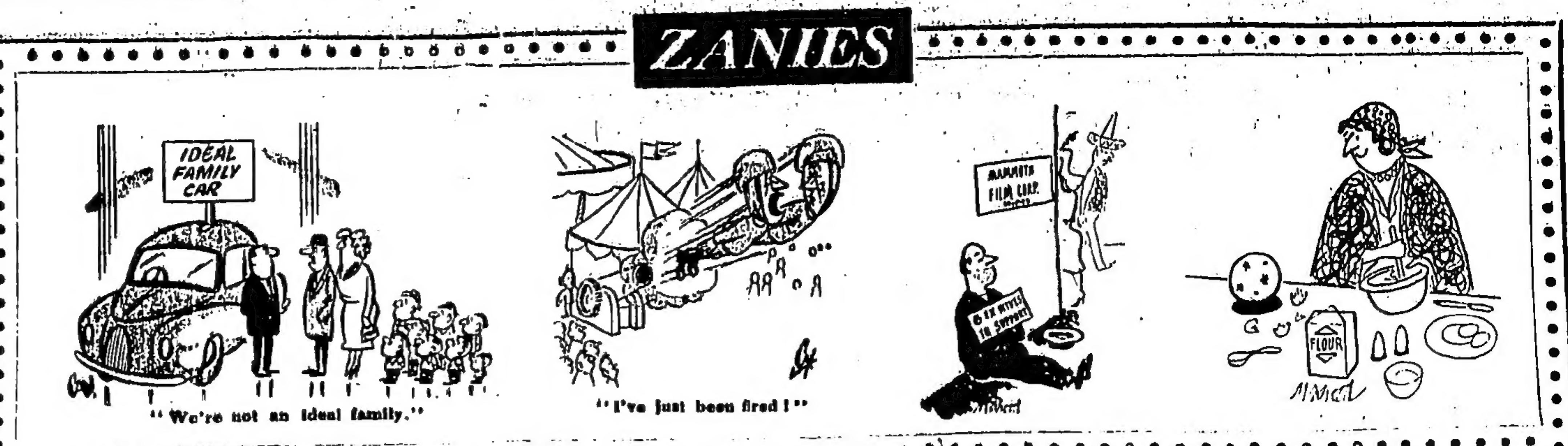
He died, aged 84, the day before Gracie arrived in Britain.

She is to appear on TV here. "At any rate," I said, "you won't see television in Capri."

"Oh yes, we do," she said. "We get wonderful reception from the Italian mainland."

And, from her husband, Boris came the comment: "The quality of Italian TV is excellent. Better than here."

(CONTINUED)



SATURDAY NIGHT... THE GAY NIGHT... THE NIGHT OF SOFT MUSIC... AND GLITTERING NEON. WHAT GOES ON IN LONDON, THE TOWN WHERE ALL THE BIG NAMES GATHER? SATURDAY NIGHT IN LONDON.



Cicero said it centuries ago, when he sneered at Olympic winners: TOO MUCH ADULATION

By DAVID MARSH

THE dust of many contests and the sands of many centuries have settled since the first Olympic Games were celebrated in Greece, and how vastly different was the setting of the Games opened by the Duke of Edinburgh at Melbourne, Australia, from those which inaugurated the world's greatest athletic occasion on the banks of the Alpheus, near Elis.

The Olympiad took its name from Olympia, a small plain in the Peloponnesus, in the southern portion of ancient Greece. Correctly, the term Olympiad is the name given to the period of four years that elapsed between each celebration of the Olympic Games, which formed the chief of four great national festivals commemorated by the Greeks of old.

Olympia was a sacred spot, and the Games that took place there were held in honour of Zeus, supreme god in Greek mythology. The exact interval at which the festival recurred was one of 49 and 50 lunar months alternately, so that it fell sometimes in the month of Apollonius (equivalent to July in the modern calendar) and sometimes in the month of Parthenonius (August by our reckoning).

Originally a one-day festival, it was extended to a celebration lasting five days. The first meeting of which a record was made was in 776 B.C., when an athlete known as Coroebus was named as victor in a 'foot-race' but it is certain that the Games

were held long before that date.

There were records of victors from 770 B.C., in almost uninterrupted sequence, until the Games were abolished in 391 A.D.

The contestants in early days were held as heroes, and a symbolic crown of olives and a branch of palm were coveted rewards.

But a sad change came over the festival after the Romans conquered Greece and assumed responsibility for the conduct of the Games.

Religious ceremonies figured prominently in the festival, and

the athletic contests, as well as the contests in music and poetry.

There was a temple of Zeus at Olympia, and in it was erected a statue of the god which was the work of a renowned sculptor, Phidias, and which was overlaid with gold and ivory.

Yet it has to be admitted that, even under the Greeks, victors at the Games did in fact profit by their achievements in a material sense, for friends and admirers showered rich gifts on them.

During the Games the territory therabouts was held inviolable, and invasion of it by any of the neighbouring and often contentious states that made up the union of ancient Greece would have been regarded as sacrilege.

Indeed, temporary armistices were arranged between states engaged in civil wars so that the all-important Games could be held in an atmosphere of peace and the belligerent rac-

tions represented by their notable athletes.

Nowadays some people feel

that too much consideration

is given to sport and its

top-liners. They make a

comment when they read of the £3,000,000 spent at Melbourne

on the Olympic Village, where

the athletes of the nations are

staying and will enjoy every

amenity.

WEEK-END WOMANSENSE

Designers Handle The Jersey With Ingenuity

By GINA POPESINA

WOOL Jersey is one of the most versatile wool fabrics. It comes in varying weights and can be used for all types of clothes from evening wear to tailored ready-to-wear clothes manufacturers. It can be draped; it can be moulded; and, the firm of Spagnoli—famous

newest of all, mounted on a stiffened base, it can be used for full, flared skirts. Wool Jersey is a particular favourite with Italian evening wear to tailored ready-to-wear clothes manufacturers this season. The jersey lends itself admirably, is an important feature of a number of these models. Comparatively inexpensive, they are designed with the average woman in mind and give her supreme elegance at a low cost.

Add An Italian Touch To Home Dressmaking



ARE you one of the clever ones who can cut out material without using a pattern and working only from a sketch? Or have you a good dressmaker who works on these lines? If so, you may be interested in the various models shown above; they are from the current collection of Giuliano of Milan.

The slender, straight-cut top-coat shown at the top left features the large cape collar which is so fashionable at the moment. The original model was made up in dark brown rough-surfaced tweed, but it would look equally well in a smoother wool fabric such as flannel, drap or velour, especially if you want it for more dressy occasions.

The main interest in the elegant suit shown at top centre lies in the elongated, narrow lapels of the jacket. The original model was made in peacock wool drap with grosgrain revers of the same colour.

A plain wool fabric would be the best choice, too, for the dress shown at the top right, as its whole effect depends on seeming detail which would be lost in a highly-patterned fabric. This design allows a basic model to be dressed-up or dressed-down according to requirements.

Perfect for the party season ahead is the sleeveless, high-necked sheath dress shown lower

left, quite plain except for the gentle swathing over the right hip. The ideal fabric would be a wool jersey or a middle-weight wool crepe. The original also has a short bolero to make it more suitable for day wear. For a really glamorous touch add a fox fur collar.

Despite the unusual asymmetric cut of the dress shown lower centre, this is a design which will not date rapidly and would be suitable for many occasions, depending on the fabric which you select. For a day dress, I suggest a honeycomb wool jersey or a wool flannel; for the later hours, blue or black wool crepe or dark brown drap.

Another design which will not date is the suit shown lower right. This was designed to go with the coat shown at the top left and was made in the same dark brown tweed. Other suitable fabrics would be batiste, woven, Shetland or Cheviot tweed or a middle-weight face cloth. If you prefer a patterned cloth, a small check design, a faint herringbone pattern or a two-coloured tweed are permissible, but avoid textiles with large patterns such as Glen checks because such patterns will not look well broken up by the unusual elongated yoke, quite apart from the fact that they will detract from this, the main feature.

HOUSEHOLD HINTS

It is wise to go over all enamel and metal surfaces of your kitchen stove with warm soaps after each meal. If you let grease and splatters accumulate around the burners and in the oven, the range uses extra fuel or power, without benefiting you.

When food is fried on a gas range, popping grease often spatters the burners not in use. The plates turned upside down over the unlit burners protect them from splashes of grease, and are easily cleaned.

To save scorched food, plunge the cooking pan into cold water before transferring it from the burned pan to a fresh one. The burned taste is much less Noticeable.

the world over for its jersey and machine knit-wear has launched, for the first time, a collection of dinner, cocktail and short evening dresses in very fine pure wool jersey. Horizontal draping, to which wool jersey lends itself admirably, is an important feature of a number of these models. Comparatively inexpensive, they are designed with the average woman in mind and give her supreme elegance at a low cost.

In the winter collection of a firm specialising in ready-to-wear teenagers' clothes, most of the dresses were in printed wool jersey. Apart from the familiar Paris designs in bright, gay colours, there were other more unusual designs (so far as wool jersey is concerned) such as polka dots, geometric patterns and triangular small checks. One or two models even featured nerve printed with flowers, palms or multi-coloured fans on very light background shades.

Wool jersey also has another important role to play—as a lining for rougher-surfaced outer fabrics such as Shetland tweeds. For instance, a three-quarter coat with a wide postilion collar in slate-blue Shetland is enhanced by a lining of fine wool jersey in the same colour, but thickly striped with a sky-blue cable pattern. It is worn with a blouse to match the lining, and a skirt of the tweed.



Top: slate-blue wool jersey is used for this short dinner dress with a round decollete neckline and long sleeves. Draped panels down either side are joined across the front at waist and bust levels by a black velvet bow.

Lower left: This short dinner dress in black wool jersey has an elongated, moulded bodice ruched in vertical panels over a plain, slender skirt. A bow adorns the left hip.

Lower right: The straight line of this cocktail dress in red wool jersey is accentuated by the draped centre panel which starts from the cross-over neckline and extends to knee-level.

MILADY OF 1957 WILL GLITTER FROM HEAD TO FOOT

THE opulent, glittering look of lavish costume jewellery accompanied the revival of 1912 styles in Paris.

"My fair lady" of fashion is wearing costume jewellery matched to her individual costume, with colour and styling assorting to each ensemble.

The era of the single strand pearl necklace to be worn with everything from a sweater to a dinner gown, is over.

Jewellery plays an integral role in the overall story, with elaborate new effects achieved in vibrant colour, media, workmanship, and bold, new styling.

There is a new necklace shape for every neckline, ranging from twelve to twenty-inch strands with the lowest strand falling inside a low-cut decollete. To geometrically-shaped bib collars, collarettes, and elongated serpents suggesting early Egyptian and Byzantine influences.

INSPIRED BY CZARIST RUSSIA

Christian Dior's antique mountings and flagstones settings teamed with brilliant opaline Empress colours assorted to the costume, with frosted effects on the underside of the stone lending transparency. He also introduces a new, dark iridescent stone of volcanic origin, which he has called "Diorite".

Jewellery in the Jacques Fath collection is directly inspired by Czarist Russia and the Daghilev ballerinas.

There are oversized square-cut rhinestones, imitation emerald and sapphire brilliant set in elaborate pendant necklaces, dangling medallion earrings, and baroque brooches which derive styling from Imperial decorations and insignia.

Pierre Balmain likes costume jewellery to masquerade as real pieces. He copies the famous earrings of "Madame de Pompadour" and "Madame de Villette" in diamonds, pearls, matched to choker-collars. Balmain's 20-inch opera length necklaces in monotonous effects of graded irregular-sized pearls.

Jean Dior's marvellous dangling pendant links with matching earring and brooches, while Christian Dior's designs are another original theme with geometric shapes, some of which are cut to achieve an irregular effect.

floral pins, contrived of pearls and iridescent gems.

Bracelets, pins and hair ornaments match 1912 styles. Bracelets emphasise long moulded sleeves, or are worn on bare arms with sleeveless blouses. Pins mark the focal point of a neckline or drapé while hair and millinery ornaments denote the twisted French roll hair styles. Dior uses jewelled millinery pins to match earrings or trim small toques with feather cockades mounted on jewelled clips.

AMUSING HEADPHONE EFFECTS

Algerites for evening fastened to a jewelled brooch, are shown at Balmain.

Dior introduces a medallion of iridescent pink stones hanging on the forehead, mounted on a black tulip headband pinned at the brow. Lanvin-Castillo feature amusing headpiece effects, with black velvet bows suspending pearl pendants, attached to each side of the wired hairband.

Another popular adaptation from the pre-World War I period, is the black velvet ribbon fastened tightly round the throat like a dog collar, clipped at the front, with one important jewel or brooch.

The biggest colour news comes in the romantic pastel stones and the Aurora Borealis diamond-cut crystal, or rainbow rhinestones, treated with a shimmering iridescent process, producing light and dark contrasts. "Christmas Dream" is the name of one necklace, created by Francis Winter for Dior and featuring a prismatic range intermixed with jolié diamonds. Other effects are "Butterfly Wing" necklaces combining a galaxy of wondrous blues, and "frosted satin" cabochon stones set in flagstone.

JEWELLED ACCESSORIES

Unorthodox jewellery colours like smoke, topaz, tortoise, copper, carmine and absinthe appear in autumn-toned stones for wearing with tweeds in the daytime. Antique type Russian effects appear in dark garnet stones used with black diamonds or jet.

The antique trend in settings is found also in flagstone, chalcedony and smoky quartz in which stones alternate with beads or multi-faceted stones set in gold or silver in chain designs.

Cloudy and brilliant diamonds and another original theme with geometric shapes, some of which are cut to achieve an irregular effect.

Scientific Study Reveals Underweights 'Undereat'

WHAT keeps the thin person thin? Invariably, underweights complain that they eat enough and conclude that there must be some physiological reason back of their failure to add needed pounds. But in line with recent scientific findings, the fact is—underweights undereat.

A study was recently made on this subject. Three normally healthy young men who were from 14 to 18 percent underweight participated in the study. They were hospitalised so that food intake and all activity could be closely controlled.

In each phase of the study, these young men were kept in bed until 1.30 p.m. each day. Every afternoon they walked 5 miles at a steady, controlled pace. After this exercise they sat quietly reading until bedtime at 8 in the evening.

On the calorie score, each of the young men was first placed on 2,100 calories a day, and on this amount of food their body weight was maintained—that is, they neither gained nor lost. Next followed a period in which food intake was nearly doubled and increased to 4,000 calories a day, with no change in activities. On this regime, all three of the men gained weight.

Metabolism tests made at four-hour intervals showed that the calories were burned at the same rate on the high and low calorie diets. Also, laboratory analysis revealed that the absorption rate of calories, fat and nitrogen was unchanged percentage-wise by the increase in daily intake from 2,100 to 4,000 calories. In other words, according to this study, none of the three young men was thin because of poor absorption in the digestive tract.

The young men consumed without effort all the excess food included in the high calorie diet. According to the report, this indicates that their regular low intake of food is not due to a limited capacity of their stomachs.

Since the increased calorie intake resulted in an increase of body weight, the report pointed out that the obvious conclusion is that the thin person just doesn't eat enough to bring weight up to normal standards.

—IDA JEAN KAIN



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THE Hon. Sir Tsun-nin Chau (right), guest of honour at a cocktail party given by the Chinese British-Returned Students' Association, greeting Dr and Mrs P. M. Yap. The party was held at the Bankers' Club. (Staff Photographer)



HIS Excellency the Governor, Sir Alexander Grantham, meets the officers on his visit to the Special Constabulary camp at Aberdeen. From left: Mr R. S. Hownam-Moek, Camp Commandant, Mr V. G. T. Davis, Adjutant of the Special Constabulary, Mr E. K. I. O'Reilly, Staff Officer (Specials), and Mr G. Ley, Commandant of the Police Training School. (Staff Photographer)



MR M. I. de Ville (right), Superintendent of Crown Lands and Surveys, was presented with a silver tray by his colleagues in the Public Works Department on his retirement. The Hon. Theodore L. Bowring, Director of Public Works, who made the presentation, shaking hands with Mr de Ville. (Staff Photographer)



THE President's table at the annual reunion dinner of the Queen's College Old Boys' Association. The President is Mr Yeung Wing-hong, third from right. (Staff Photographer)



COL. J. D. Clague, encouraging a side in the tug of war event at the annual sports of the Peak School. (Staff Photographer)

RIGHT: The Hon. Sir Mankam Lo (extreme right), who opened the new extension of the Lingnan Middle School, last Saturday, trying out the desks in a school room. Standing is Mr Y. H. Chan, Chairman of the Board of Trustees. (Staff Photographer)

BELOW: Club "A" and HMNZS Kaniero rugby XV's, who met on Monday at the Hongkong Football Club. The Club side maintained their undefeated record by winning 13-3. (Staff Photographer)



MR Eric N. Ponsford (left), Assistant Superintendent of Health, presented with a gold watch on behalf of his colleagues in the Urban Council by the Hon. D. R. Holmes, Chairman of the Council. Mr Ponsford is retiring after 30 years in the department. (Staff Photographer)

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ST Francis Xavier College team, winners of the Stanley Shield seven-a-side soccer knock-out competition, with their coach, Bro. Conrad.



MISS Noreen Price, whose paintings were exhibited at the British Council this week, with Mr. Ramon Kant and his daughter, Miss Judy Kant. (Staff Photographer)

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WEDDING at St Stephen's Church of Mr. Donny Wong Kam-chan and Miss Jean May Wong. A banquet to celebrate the wedding was given in the evening at the China Restaurant, following which the newlyweds left by ship for their honeymoon in Japan and the Philippines. (Staff Photographer)



PRIZEWINNERS in the Services tennis finals at the United Services Recreation Club. From left: Lt-Col J. A. A. Smith, SSM M. H. Brown, 2/Lt A. Selwyn (men's singles champion), Mrs Z. Smith, Mrs D. Jones, Mrs J. Atkinson (ladies' singles champion), Lt-Col D. Taylor, Mrs J. Spooner and L/Bdr E. Halliwell. (Staff Photographer)



CHRISTENING at the Union Church, Kowloon, last Sunday of Gordon Morrison, son of Mr and Mrs David Wilson. (Mainland)



A good try rewarded. A youngster at the St Andrew's Church fair fishes up a prize at one of the stalls. (Staff Photographer)



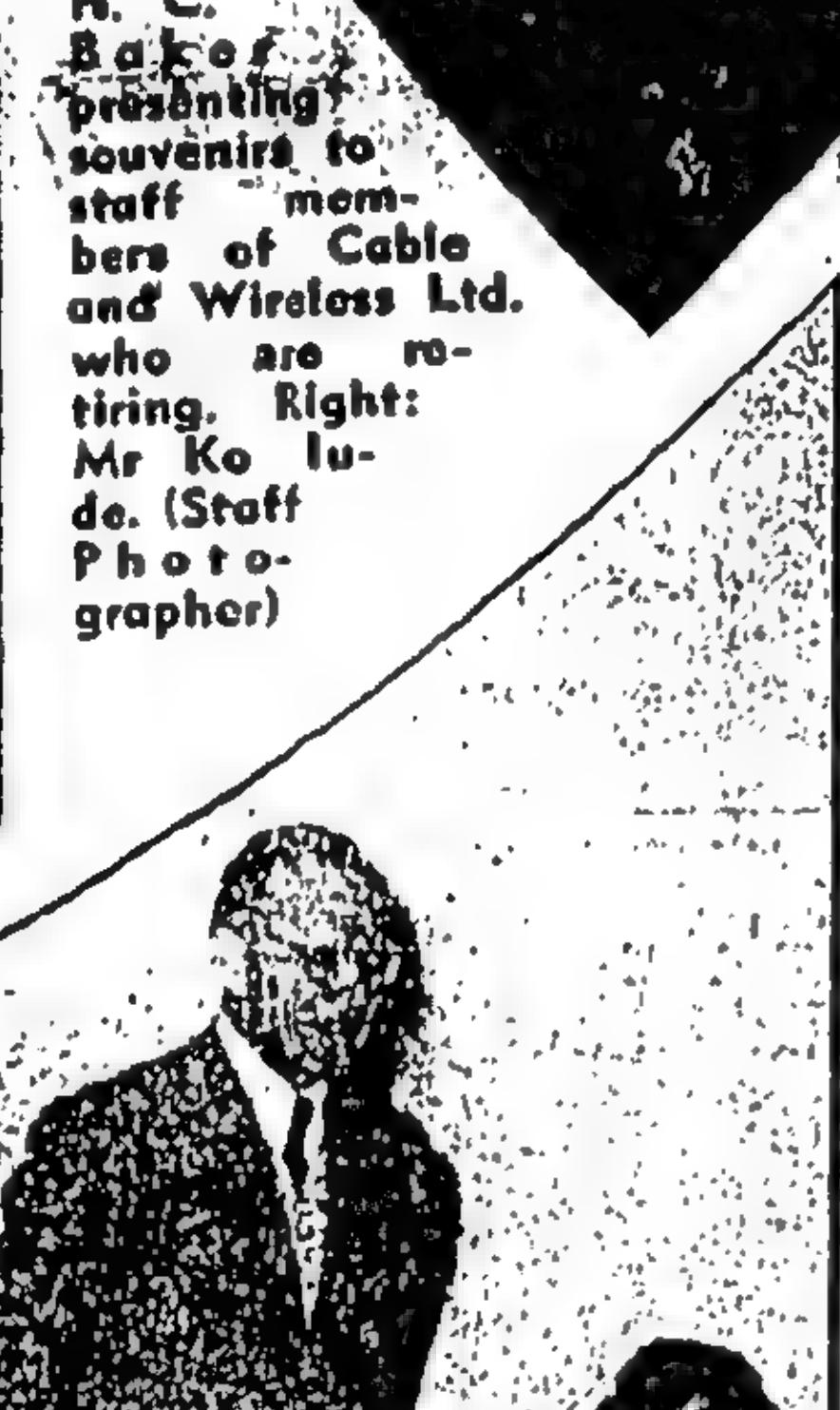
CHRISTENING at the Union Church, Kennedy Road, of Mr and Mrs R. H. Campion's twin sons. The babies' names are Mark Robert and Neil Ian. (Francis Wu)



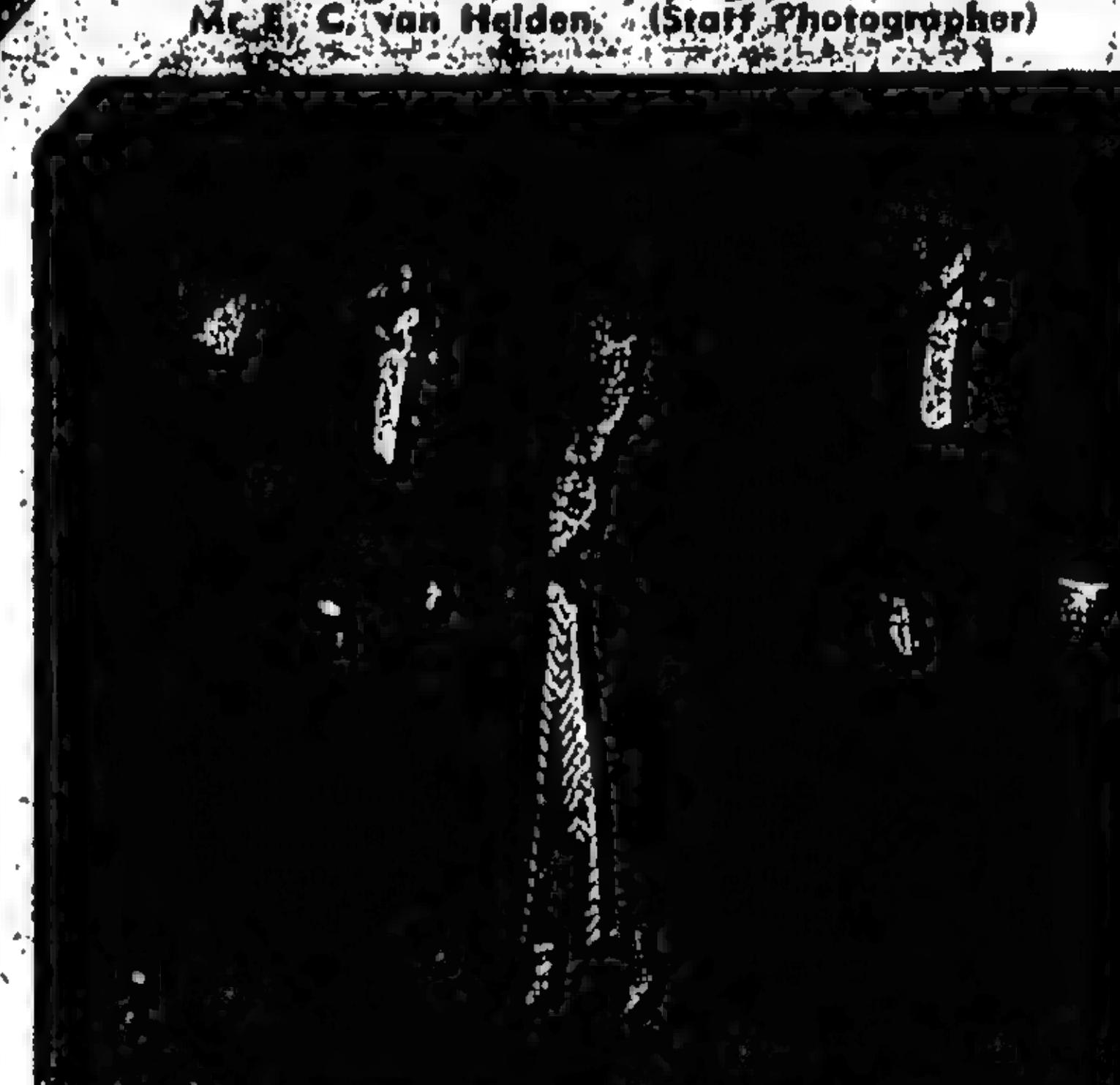
RIGHT: At the cocktail party given by the Netherlands Consul-General for Dr. J. E. van Hoogstraten, Overseas Director of the Federation of Netherlands Industries. The guest of honour (left) talking with Mr G. J. Jongejans (centre) and Mrs. C. van Helden. (Staff Photographer)



A party was given on Thursday evening for the Press to meet the new Indonesian Consul-General, Tengku Maimoon Habsjah, who is seen above with Mr. Denys Carley Smith, Ruter's chief representative. (Staff Photographer)



MRS H. C. Balcoff presenting souvenirs to staff members of Cable and Wireless Ltd. who are retiring. Right: Mr Ko Iude. (Staff Photographer)



LT-GEN. W. H. Stratton, Commander, British Forces, and Mrs Stratton greeted by Lt-Col and Mrs M. J. Perneau on their arrival at San Wai Camp for Beating the Retreat to celebrate the bicentenary of the North Staffordshire Regiment. (Staff Photographer)



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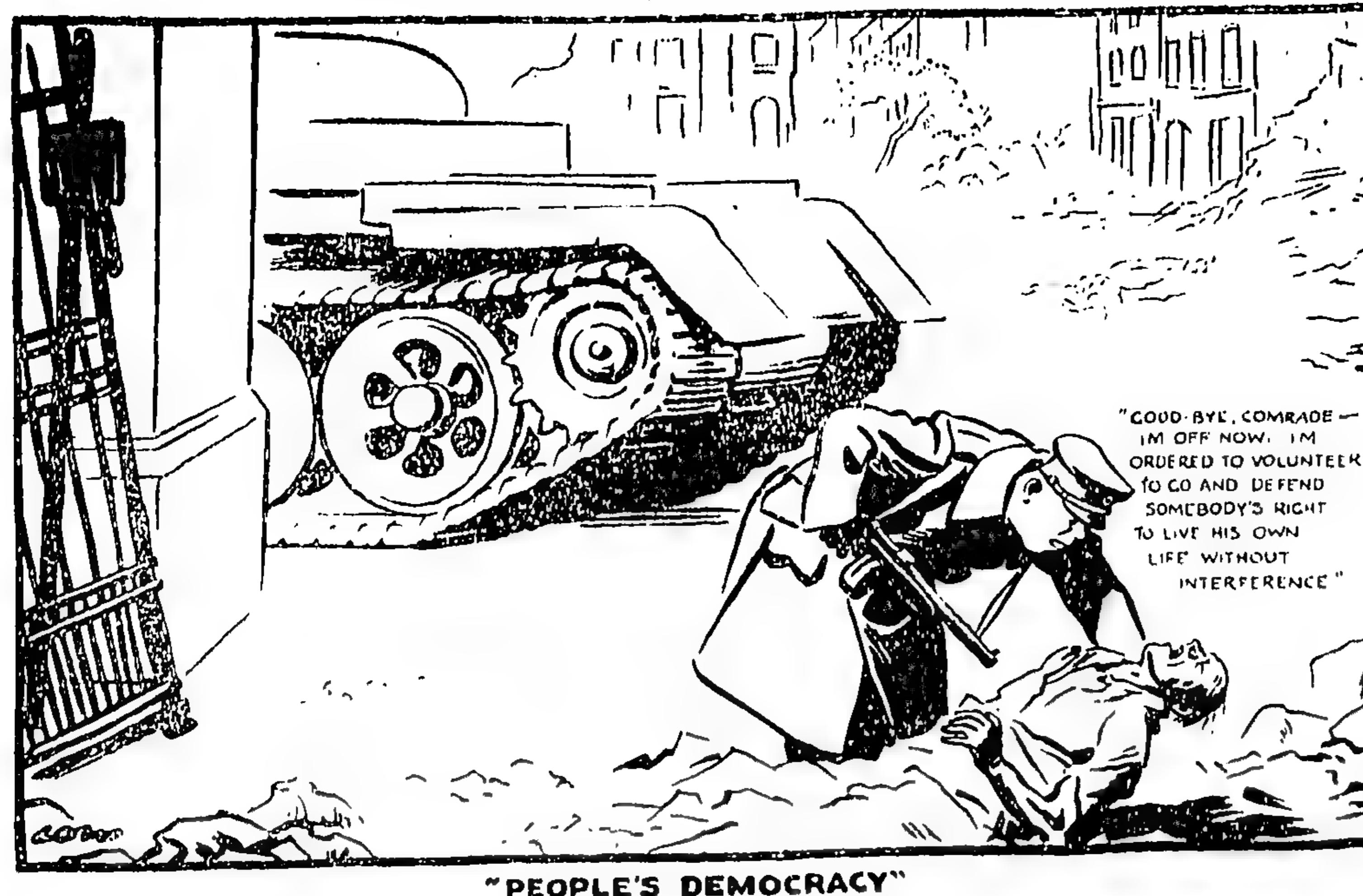
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PROFESSOR F. S. Drake, Director of the Hongkong University's Institute of Oriental Studies, addressing an audience on Thursday when he presented certificates to Chinese middle school students, who completed a special course for entry to the University. (Staff Photographer)



BELOW: Scene at the Kowloon Bowling Green Club during the annual bowls match between St Andrew's and St George's Societies. St Andrew's won by 29 shots. (Staff Photographer)





"PEOPLE'S DEMOCRACY"

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A BRIGHT RED SHIP FOR THE WHITE SOUTH

By GEORGE HOGAN

A SHIP painted in bright pillar-box red, so that in case of rescue operations her hull will show up clearly against the Antarctic ice, has just left London on a six weeks' voyage by way of Madreia and South Georgia to the British Trans-Antarctic Expedition's Shackleton Base, at the head of the Weddell Sea.

The Magga Dan—Magga is Eskimo for Margaret—is under charter to the Trans-Antarctic Expedition to carry Dr Vivian E. Fuchs and the main party of his explorers to the southern wastes for their trek across the South Pole. Specially designed for working in Antarctic conditions, the Magga Dan, 1,150 tons, is twice the size of the Thor, which took the Expedition's advance party to the White Sea 12 months ago.

Launched in Denmark as recently as June this year, the new £500,000 polar ship completed her trials in September. She is 213 feet long with a beam of 40 ft and can make 12 knots fully loaded. She has accommodation in 34 passenger-cabins, and the equipment for cooking her food in tropical regions and for heating them to keep them frostproof under Antarctic conditions.

Ice Fins

With powerful knife-like bows and a slim hull, the Magga Dan is fitted with an ice and an ice cutter. In order to work her way through ice-covered seas she has extra strengthening at the stem and very heavy plating at stem, sides and bottom. There is also an ice knife to protect the rudder when the ship is going astern. Her propeller is fitted with variable-pitch screws which act as gears and will enable the ship to push steadily through thick ice floes.

A special feature of the Magga Dan is the crew's nest which can be reached through the hollow mast—a great boon in sub-zero temperatures. It is in effect a second bridge, high to give the observer and the captain an unobstructed all-round view, so necessary when the ship is in ice. It has all the essential navigation instruments and engine-room controls to enable the captain to manoeuvre the ship from aloft.

Only once before had a ship crossed the Antarctic Circle in this area in November—a Norwegian whaler in 1843—but the Protector got through. Then from 40 miles off the island her helicopter rescued the two scientists stranded on an island cut off by a sudden ice break.

The two members of the radio-astronomy group, Mr P. Brennan of Leeds and Mr D. P. Harrison of Leyland, will be using equipment of a type which has been operating for some years at the University of Manchester's Jodrell Bank experimental station.

A man with a great responsibility—that of keeping the inner man satisfied—is Sergeant Malcolm Edwards of Kenton, Middlesex, who is the senior cook and is normally working with the Army Catering Corps. His assistant is Mr L. Constant, of Liverpool.

Two other men whose expert knowledge is essential to the expedition's success and who are also seconded by the War Office are the senior diesel mechanic, Staff Sergeant Alfred Amphlett of Bradwell, near Great Yarmouth, and his assistant, Sergeant L. C. Beney of St Leonards.

The great scientific advances of this century give present-day expeditions certain advantages over the explorers of the past, such as Captain Cook, who first crossed the Antarctic Circle 180 years ago in search of a temperate continent. Nevertheless, the dangers awaiting the two polar expeditions aboard the Magga Dan are still very real.

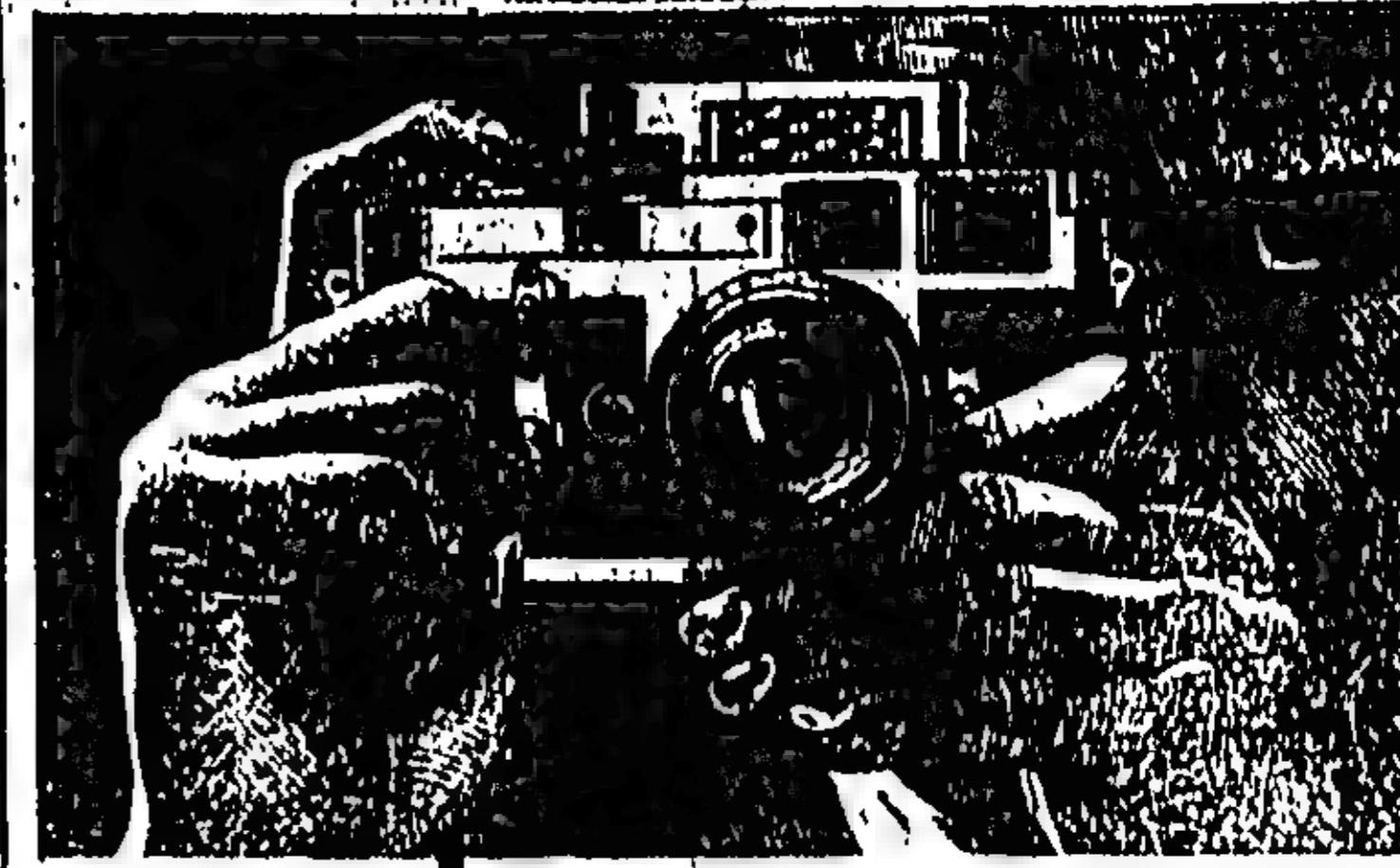
The Royal Navy's netlayer HMS Protector has just completed a race of 800 miles from the coast of Morocco north of the Equator to the ice-packed Bellinghausen Sea to rescue two scientists stranded on an island cut off by a sudden ice break.

Ice Cracked

A party of four, an outpost expedition of the Falkland Islands Dependencies Survey, had sledged to Lancy Roux Island over frozen seas. Two of the men returned to their base; then the ice cracked and left their colleagues stranded. For several weeks they slept in tents and lived on emergency rations while the Protector hurried south.

Only once before had a ship crossed the Antarctic Circle in this area in November—a Norwegian whaler in 1843—but the Protector got through. Then from 40 miles off the island her helicopter rescued the two scientists and their nine husky dogs, making five round trips before the men, animals and all their equipment were recovered.

There is still danger and hardship to be endured in the Antarctic, and none know that better than Dr Fuchs and his men, who set out next year from Shackleton Base to cross the South Pole and meet Sir Edmund Hillary and his party fighting their way across Antarctica from the opposite direction.



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The Legend That Came To Life In London And Was Cruelly Hurt

By Sir Beverley Baxter, MP

London
OVER the years I have more than once described the centre of London as a village where, to some extent, everybody knows everybody else. The saints and the sinners, the moguls and the opportunists, the poets and the playboys, the politicians, the dreamers and the realists. They all go to make up the village.

CAUSTIC

Years ago, when I was an ordinary dandy, I used to go off into the West End to have a drink with a friend. He and I were to have dinner at the Prime Minister's table at the House of Commons. I had to go to the House of Commons, but I had seen a lot of it before.

On the night I had met the Prime Minister, the London press corps was asking the question put to me in a recent way. Does the author of "Life" write? We all knew of an eyelash he had. You do you?

EMBARRASSED

So Liberace changed the tune and, after a time, the embarrassed dancers realized that something had gone wrong and beat an ignominious retreat.

So did the Bixies. It had been a long night and sleep was weighing heavily upon our eyelids.

Three days passed by, then Helen Parnell phoned us that she was going to throw a farewell party for our hero at her flat. You must come, she said. Mom is going to be there, and you must see her. She is really something.

"Let's go," said my wife. She made it as a mere suggestion, but there was an air of finality in her voice which made me realize that we would be among those present.

When the Parnells threw a party in their flat it is really something. On this night there were comedians, film directors, two or three peers, the lovely Duchess of Argyll, gossip writers, chameleons of companies, tycoons, golfers, playwrights and television moguls. But also Momma Liberace was not there. George was the only other representative of the family. Liberace played the piano, but obviously his heart was not in it. That easy smile had given way to a pensive look, like Hamlet worrying about Ophelia.

On he played, and the guests clambered for more. Then he asked to be forgiven if he stopped, and we agreed. A few minutes later he took me into a small detached alcove and we sat down.

MIXED-UP

"Did you read 'Cassandra'?" Yes, I had read it.

"Why does he write such things about me?" said Liberace. "What have I done that is so wrong? I like playing the piano for people and I don't mean any harm to anyone. Then why, why, why does Cassandra write such stuff?"

It has been reproduced in Time Magazine and has got into local newspapers all over America. I got a letter from a friend of mine who lives over the part of the States where we come from. "Cassandra's article had been published there too."

The fabulous Liberace, no longer amiable. To use the awful jargon of the moment, he was just a hurt, mixed-up kid who evidently wanted to go home to Mom.

From the drawing-room came the strains of a Cheery Melody from the piano. It was Lord Foley, who plays well but will never hold a match to a young child's piano or violin.

As with many other great men, he has fond old real memories of success which are not to be sentimental.

Not in our conversation at the table did either his eyes or his mind wander.

Again that evening to an end this story of a legend that came to life in London, and was cruelly hurt in the process.

DICTATOR

Now it happens that in our village there is a remarkable man named Val Parnell, who has a delightful wife named Helen. Mr Parnell is the dictator of British vaudeville and rules over the Palladium as if it were a fortress. The Parnells belong to the same golf club as the Baxters, and we have been friends for many years.

Therefore it was amusing, even intriguing, when Helen phoned one morning to say that Liberace was coming as her guest to the early performance of the Palladium (it is a twice nightly affair) and would we join her in the stage box? After the performance we would be dining at a quiet night club in Mayfair and then move on to the Cafe de Paris, where Liberace would do his stuff.

Oscar Wilde once remarked that almost the only things that did not interest him were sights of interest. To some extent I feel that way about the transient stars of vaudeville and the cinema. Nevertheless, when Parnell's invitation seemed to supply a pleasant way of studying this particular phenomenon of the entertainment world.

Fortunately, the stage box at the Palladium is at an angle which permits the occupants to sit back and be unobserved, and let it be put on record that Liberace was sitting in a corner where no one in the audience could see him.

AUTOGRAPHS

Liberace signed autographs, complimented the various stars and made himself as pleasant as a politician on polling day. Quite obviously he likes being liked. Never once did he ask for mercy, although he still had to face the ordeal of the sophisticated night clubbers at the Cafe de Paris. It is true that he smiled and smiled until his face must have ached, but his manner did not vary, no matter how big or small was the performer who came up to him.

Finally Val Parnell smuggled him out, and by devious routes we gathered at the Casa Nova, a quiet, costly night club with excellent cooking, good wine and a male trio of a pianist, a baritone and a bass violinist. When the three musicians stopped for breath, Liberace smiled encouragement to them, and when they asked for his autograph, he wrote a short tribute to their musicianship.

Not in our conversation at the table did either his eyes or his mind wander. Again that evening to an end this story of a legend that came to life in London, and was cruelly hurt in the process.

Most of it was goody sentimental stuff (and his singing voice would be lost without a microphone), but he has a gift of mimicry.

He likes playing the piano. He likes people to listen to his playing. He likes George and Mom, he likes the Cafe de Paris, he likes money and he likes being alive.

As with many other great men, he has fond old real memories of success which are not to be sentimental.

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AURORA AUSTRALIS

The ionospheric group of three, who were based at the Royal Research Station at Slough, are Mr. W. H. Bell, chairman of Cheltenham, Mr. D. L. Confield, a research chemist of Welwyn, and Mr. I. W. Bunting of Leigh-on-Sea.

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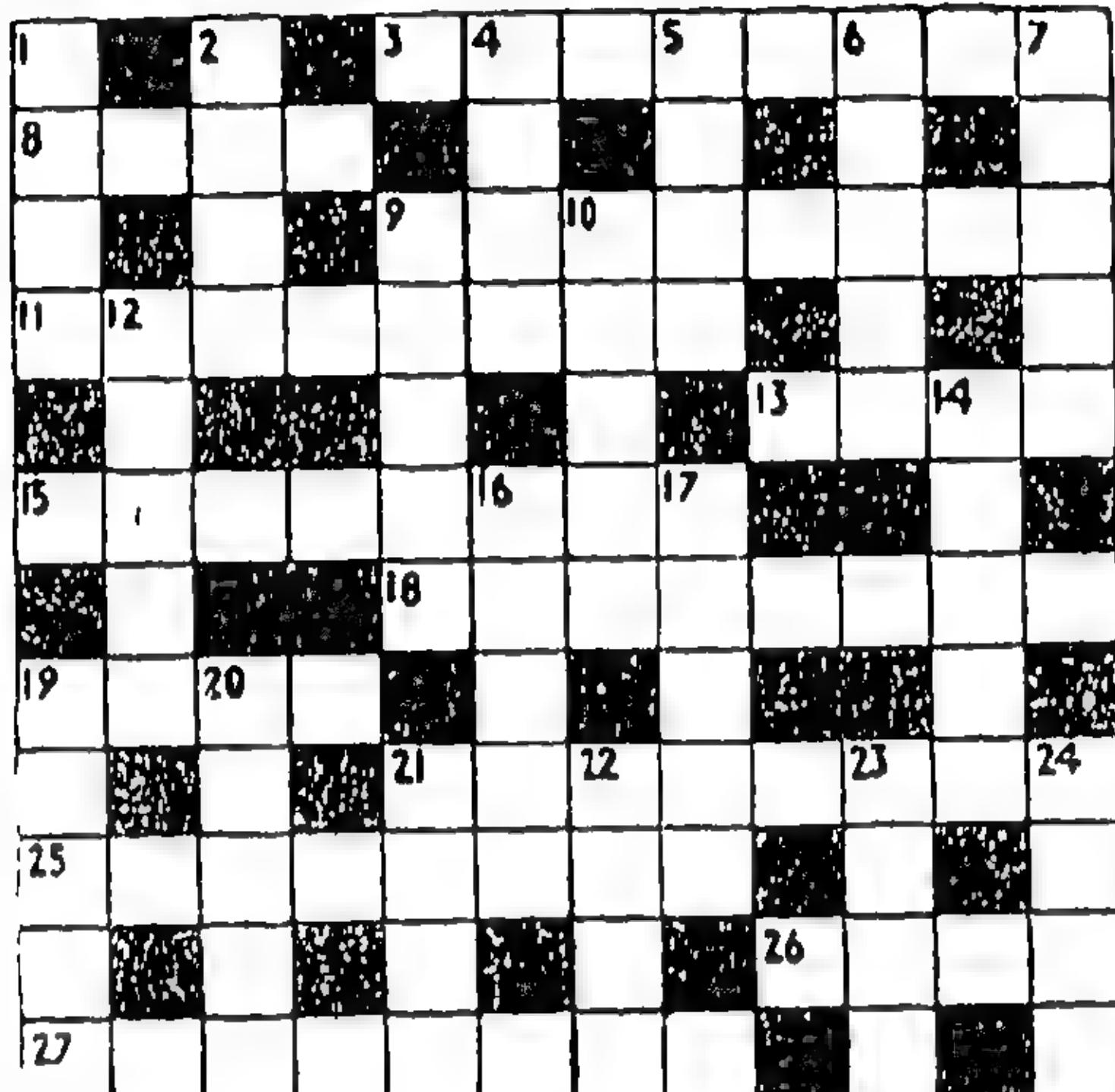
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7. Expansion (6)
8. Schoolboy (6)
9. Mistletoe (6)
10. Part of a car (6)
11. Draw (6)
12. Excellent (6)

DOWN
1. Incomer (10)
2. Incomer (10)
3. Uniform (4)
4. Walk steadily (4)
5. Perfect (5)
6. Completely satisfied (5)
7. Sigh (5)
8. Sigh (5)
9. Sigh (5)
10. Sigh (5)
11. Header (5)
12. Follow (5)
13. A (5)
14. Boundary (5)
15. Submit (5)
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YESTERDAY'S CROSSWORD - Across: 1. Miser, 2. Sigh, 3. Uniform, 4. Walk steadily, 5. Perfect, 6. Completely satisfied, 7. Expansion, 8. Schoolboy, 9. Mistletoe, 10. Part of a car, 11. Draw, 12. Excellent. Down: 1. Incomer, 2. Incomer, 3. Uniform, 4. Walk steadily, 5. Perfect, 6. Completely satisfied, 7. Sigh, 8. Sigh, 9. Sigh, 10. Sigh, 11. Header, 12. Follow, 13. A, 14. Boundary, 15. Submit, 16. Pullout, 17. Subtitle, 18. Subtitle, 19. Subtitle, 20. Subtitle, 21. Subtitle, 22. Subtitle, 23. Subtitle, 24. Subtitle, 25. Subtitle, 26. Subtitle, 27. Subtitle.

RECORD ROUND... BY JAMES JORDAN

Mr Donegan Has A Chip On Each Shoulder...

||| 'The jazz purists say I'm not original....
but all I do is sell a song the best way I know
how... That's why skiffle has caught on.'

OUTSIDE the dressing-room window, 500 men were getting hot under the collar. But everything was under control. It was only when the stage door began to give at its hinges that they brought out the fire hose. In Liverpool they take their riots calmly. There was a faraway tinkle

of broken glass. Two policemen with a jutting chin that gives him the look of an emaciated Mr Punch. His speaking voice is a hesitant cockney, which switches in song to a hillbilly whine. Married, with a seven-month-old daughter, he has a flat in Wanstead, money in the bank, and an outsize chip on both shoulders.

THE CAUSE

Lakewise Lonnie Donegan, skiffle singer extraordinary, the cause and the still centre of all the commotion. "It's been like this everywhere we've been," he said contentedly. "In Newcastle we had six policemen to control the crowds. In Blackpool they tore my clothes off. I tell you daddy, we're having a ball."

The ball began when Donegan's first record—a nasal, driving version of a Negro folk song called "Rock Island Line"—slipped almost unnoticed into the best-selling bracket.

That was one year and half a million copies ago.

"Until that record began selling, nobody wanted to know about me," said Donegan. "They didn't even know I was alive. I didn't get a single offer in Britain and it took a trip to America to convince anyone that I was worth having."

TOPS THE BILL

Now he is in the ninth week of a smash-hit variety tour, dragging his clouds of glory through the provinces. And in three weeks' time he tops the bill at the Prince of Wales.

Twenty-five years old, Donegan is a frail, pale

perfectionist with a jutting chin that gives him the look of an emaciated Mr Punch. His speaking voice is a hesitant cockney, which switches in song to a hillbilly whine. Married, with a seven-month-old daughter, he has a flat in Wanstead, money in the bank, and an outsize chip on both shoulders.

Chief targets for his resentment are the jazz purists who criticise him for deserting traditional jazz for the busier pastures of show business. "They say I'm not original," he complained. "I know I'm not original. I've copied almost every singer you can name. But it takes two years to evolve a style of your own. I'm working round to it."

WORST SMEAR

"They also say I'm commercial—the worst smear of all in jazz circles. But all I do is sell a song the best way I know how. That's why skiffle has caught on. It's nothing new. It's the kind of music they used to play at rent parties in New Orleans 40 years ago. But the way I present it is new."

The presentation is precisely what offends the purists. On stage Donegan employs two amplified guitars, a string bass decked out in luminous paint, and a drum kit that light up at the psychological moment. And his act is a gaudy raucous success.

Donegan acts as singer and compere. Dressed in a stage suit of grey, silk tuxedo he cuddles a big guitar and shuffles in time to his own songs. Every twitch

brings a fresh barrage of screams from the audience



Under his present recording contract, Donegan gets (an unconfirmed) 25 per cent, nearly twice the standard royalty rate on sales. He also collects his fee as arranger of traditional songs, plus a percentage of sheet music sales and an official Donegan biography.

HE DRINKS TEA

But Donegan is close about his earnings and his spending. He drinks nothing stronger than tea. He does not smoke. And he shuns hotels in favour of theatrical digs.

After a personal appearance at a record store, where he autographed the bare arms of the more devoted fans, the management presented him with an electric toaster. "Yours for four quid," offered Donegan. "I can put the money towards a record player. Right now I've nothing to play my own records."

One is a story of a group of keen skin divers who rigged out a small yacht and set out around the world under sail to dive and harpoon fish in every sea they visited.

The other is the mile-by-mile story of a race from the northernmost point in Europe to the Cape of Good Hope.

Camels still exist, but the modern ship of the desert is a vast trailer bus with sleeping chairs and it travels all night so you do not see much of the desert anyway—and you have nothing to endure but the insolence of customs men.

It would seem that the great world shrinkage, even if it has not made all men brothers, has at least put most of them into identical city buildings.

The possibility of driving across the globe or sailing round it to explore below the waves as well as above only underlines the fact that, wherever you go, and whatever you do about it, there is nothing new under the sun.

Racy Style

The motor trip also was packed with incident, and is told in an extremely racy style that makes one suspect at times that the author is extracting a pint and a half of orange juice out of one orange.

Both adventures are enterprising, and both are very much more unusual in human experience, more enterprising, and perhaps more dangerous, than say the journey of Marco Polo or the travels of King Saladin. But the books are by comparison as dead as old mutton. Why?

The fault is not in the writers. They have done their best, and done it well, to give interest to the most fascinating subject in the world... which is the world. The fact that they fall is

an alarming indication of the extent to which the world has shrunk during this century. For the difference between a modern tourist visiting foreign lands and an ancient traveller doing so, is that while the ancient really saw new places with fresh eyes, the modern man sees them more than another space and a different material development of the new than our international culture.

Now there is very little in the world that is new. In Turkey one is forbidden to take photographs of camel because the people are ashamed that this form of transport still exists. In Lebanon the camel is forced to pull tourists in a lorry driven and has ten-ton load-lift truck.

Nothing New

If you go to Baghdad or Damascus, the hotel manager was probably treated at Grosvenor House or the Georges Cluny, and you would be better advised to go to Mayfair or Paris and stay in a real thing instead of Baghdad or Damascus to see the local imitation.

Camels still exist, but the modern ship of the desert is a vast trailer bus with sleeping chairs and it travels all night so you do not see much of the desert anyway—and you have nothing to endure but the insolence of customs men.

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MR SCOTT MEETS THE NOBS

By Philip Oakes

TIME AND PLACE. By George Scott, Staples. 16s. 220 pages.

OXFORD, said Mr Scott, was a place for The Nobs. His son George agreed. Oxford was a long way from Middlesbrough, hard hit by the hungry Thirties. It was too far to travel.

Father sold his policies from door to door. Mother worked at the kitchen sink. The schoolboy games of cops and robbers were played in the back streets and the wind of the depression blew cold.

Ten years later, Officer Cadet George Scott—gorging himself on carrots to correct his short-sight—looked his first on the Isle, with the Navy paying his way. His assignment: to absorb the background necessary for a future officer. And to do it in six months.

Scott—and many like him—met The Nobs. He surrendered to Oxford, but he reserved judgment. "We are fortunately aware of how ill-equipped we are to take our place in good society," he writes. "For generations of good breeding some of us can only offer the poor substitute of brains."

Provocative

Scott is 31 years old. His experiment in autobiography disclaims any notion of recording the voice of his generation. But it is a lively, provocative account of coming of age in our own time.

Groomed by the Welfare State, his education began the Pink decade. As a cub reporter he heard Harry Pollitt hammering for a Second Front. He embraced—and then rejected—Communism as a cult for the world's ill. In Fleet Street he became one of the most brilliant and forceful writers on the Daily Express. And he realised that The Nobs are not what they were.

Now editor of the vigorous right wing weekly magazine Truth, Scott is that rare bird from an anti-hit by the almighty—unashamed, young, Conservative, Aggressive and daring. He views the world with wary eyes. "Nowadays," he writes, "we are cautious not to sing too loudly of our theme to sing and fortune." The wind around the corner still blows.

VIGNETTES OF LIFE

Turkey Day Topics

BY HARRY WEINERT



HI-LITE GLASSES

Add to your Beauty & Glamour



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Available at all Reputable
Opticians

THE HONG KONG JOCKEY CLUB

FOURTH RACE MEETING

Saturday 24th November and Saturday 1st December, 1956
(To be held under the Rules of the Hong Kong Jockey Club)

THE PROGRAMME WILL CONSIST OF 16 RACES.

The First Bell will be rung at 1:30 p.m. and the First Race run at 2:00 p.m. on both days.

The Secretary's Office at Alexander House will close at 11:45 a.m. on both days.

MEMBERS' ENCLOSURE

NO PERSON WITHOUT A BADGE WILL BE ADMITTED
All persons MUST wear their badges prominently displayed
throughout the meeting.

Admission B. 10/-, S. 10/- each day are obtainable from the Club Office, Sweepstakes, Queen's Building, Chater Road, or the Secretary's Office of a Member who will be responsible for the person admitted by him.

Tickets will be obtainable at the Club House if ordered in advance in the Name of the Member.

The fifth Floor is restricted to Members and Ladies wearing Ladies' Badges.

NO CHILDREN will be admitted to the Club's premises during the Meeting. For the purpose of this rule a person under the age of seventeen years is a 'child'.

PUBLIC ENCLOSURE

The price of a mason will be \$1.00 each per day payable at the Gate.

Any person leaving the Enclosure will be required to pay the requisite fee of \$1.00 in order to gain re-admission.

MEALS and REFRESHMENTS will be obtainable in the RESTAURANT.

SERVANTS

Servants must remain in their employer's boxes except for passing through on their duties. They may on no account use the Betting Booths or Pay Out Booths in the Enclosure.

CASH SWEEPS

Through Cash Sweep Tickets at \$1.00 each per day and \$32.00 for both days may be obtained from the Cash Sweep Offices at Queen's Building, (Chater Road), and 5, D'Aguilar Street during normal office hours and until 11:00 a.m. on the day of the Race Meeting.

Particular numbers within the 1,000 to 3,000 may be reserved for all race meetings as Through Tickets. Such tickets will be issued consecutively only and the right is reserved by the Stewards to cancel any reservation for Through Tickets for a particular Meeting if it is found that said may not reach the number reserved in the series 1 to 3,000.

In the case of two-day Race Meetings, Through Tickets may be purchased for each day of the Meeting provided that the second day is on a date not less than five days after the first day. In all other cases Through Tickets will only be sold for the whole Meeting.

Tickets reserved and available but not paid for by 10:00 a.m. on Friday, 23rd November, will be sold and the reservation cancelled for future Meetings.

Tickets over 3,000 will be reserved as and exclusively but particular numbers cannot be reserved as Through Tickets.

The reservation of any particular number does not confer on the registered holder any rights whatsoever unless the ticket bearing the appropriate number is issued to and can be produced by the holder.

The Stewards reserve the right to refuse any subscription also the right to remove any name from Subscription lists without stating reasons for their action.

Cash Sweep Tickets on the last race of the Meeting at \$2.00 each may be obtained from the Cash Sweep Offices at Queen's Building, (Chater Road), and 5, D'Aguilar Street and 382, Nathan Road during normal office hours and until 11:00 a.m. on the day of the Race Meeting.

SPECIAL CASH SWEEP

Tickets for the Special Cash Sweep on the Penrice Memorial Cup scheduled to be run on 28th January 1957, at \$2.00 each, may be obtained from the Cash Sweep Offices.

TOTALISATOR

Bookmakers, Tie Tac men, etc., will not be permitted to operate within the premises of the Hong Kong Jockey Club.

By Order of the Stewards
A. B. ARNOLD,
Secretary.

TODAY'S RUGGER

GALA AFTERNOON PLANNED AT SEK KONG FOR THE INTER-BRIGADE MATCH

By "PAK LO"

Due partly to the continued support by the men and officers of the two Brigades and the interest of the Commanding Officers the game this afternoon at Sek Kong between the 48 Brigade and the 27 Brigade has become a local Derby affair.

So much so that the Brigade Commander of the 48 Brigade has arranged for all of his Brigade to turn out in support of their team, and arrangements have already been made for the combined bands of the 17 Battalion, 10th Princess Mary's Own Gurkha Rifles, and the 2nd Battalion of the 7th Gurkha Rifles to be in attendance during the afternoon.

They will play before the game and during the interval, so it should all combine to an excellent afternoon's entertainment, starting at 4 p.m.

The Club "B" game versus the Police will commence at 4:15 p.m., and the Club "A" game versus the Navy will kick off at 3:00 p.m., both in the Club Stadium.

Over on the other side the two Mainland and the two Island teams meet at Kai Tak. The RAF Mainland v. Garrison Mainland clash will take place at 3:00 p.m., and following this, at 4:15 p.m., RAF Island will be at home to Garrison Island.

In the "A" game the Club have kept in both Saltair and Langley after their excellent display on Monday, and as a result Roberts drops back to full back. Penman also returns to the pack, but otherwise the side is unchanged.

RANIERE GONE

The Navy, also, are without their stalwarts of the Ranier, as the ship sailed yesterday, much to everyone's regret.

Incidentally the Ranier presented the Club with their shield as a memento for the excellent game and the wonderful (amazing here) hospitality after the game.

They have also offered to take on the Club again on their return in the New Year, and this is certain to be accepted. Especially as the Ranier have the best home.

The Navy have, however, one small surprise, though the Club "A" may find it so. Sella, who was a shining light last year, but who had taken up cricket this season, returns to his old love, and behind Corner should prove to be the major danger to the Club "A".

The Navy back line is fast, but their passing is sometimes suspect, and against the strong and fast Club "A" forwards and backs I cannot see them winning.

However, they can be relied upon to keep the Club "A" scoring down.

In the second match at Happy Valley, the Police have dropped Lelliott, and brought Lloyd into the serum half spot with Walker outside him.

This move should pay dividends, and their three line season will go strongly the other night when they overcome Tamai in a friendly match by 33 points to 3.

The Club "B" is, oddly enough, not searching around for players this week, and their line is fast and could be dangerous provided they get enough of the ball, but the Police forwards should prove more than equal to the task of keeping control of the ball, and Club "B" look as if they will have to add another defeat to their already impressive total.

They might just pull off a surprise, but only if their handling and bookings improve. One old singer has returned to the Police side in the shape of Dawson, but it must be admitted his wind is suspect.

NEEDLE MATCH

At Sek Kong it should be a real needle match.

Both teams are at full strength, the changes in the line-ups being few. Head returns to the 27 Brigade front row, having recovered from his injury, and Wardlaw comes into the wing three position in the 48 Brigade XV in place of Phillips.

Both teams have hard-going forwards, and a good set of three, but the 27 Brigade seems to have the slight edge in the backs, while the 48 Brigade have the stronger and more powerful forwards.

There is little to choose between the two sets of halves, though the 27 Brigade are a little sturdier. But in the loose the 27 Brigade should shine and

HIS NAME?

He is seventeen years old, he has just signed a six-year contract with the Chinese Football Club and he has signed for both South Shore and Willis' (W.L.C.C.). What is his name? Winston Churchill.

Famous Sports Stars I Have Met

J. H. PARKS

By Archie Quick

The attack of 'double vision' which has forced Jim Parks to come home from the MCC's cricket tour of South Africa after only a week or two in the Union instead of a month or two brings vividly to the mind of his father, also Jim Parks, a similar ailment which ended his active career.

Jim Senior has spent his summers in the North of England as a professional to Blackpool and now in the Midlands as coach to Nottinghamshire since he retired, but his heart is still in Sussex, and it is to there that he goes in winter.

The only thing that pulls him away from his restful, rural home at Haywards Heath is a Blackpool or Nottingham Football League match at Portsmouth or in London. About his son's misfortune Jim says: "I am glad he is coming home. It will be better for him to have rest and treatment in London, it is a relief to his wife who has been worrying. I am still sure that he will be an England Test regular in the future. He has all the strokes."

CLAIM TO FAME

Enough of Junior. What about his dad? "J.H." now 53 years old, has one outstanding claim to fame. He is the only cricketer ever to score 3,000 runs and take 100 wickets in an English summer. George Hirst, of Yorkshire, once scored 3,285 runs and took 200 wickets, but there in all its glory is the single entry in "Wisden" that Parks, J.H. (Sussex) in 1937 collected 3,003 runs and captured 101 wickets—very close to failure on both accounts but a unique achievement. How close it was I remember well those 19 years ago. Jim had got his hundred wickets right, but needed 60 runs when he went to the wickets in a last innings of the season at a Hastings Festival match. He started scratchily as though the onus bore heavily upon him but he got home with three runs to spare, was then clean bowled, and went down in the archives as an unparalleled record-breaker.

There was that other occasion too—in 1928 when Parks and Ted Bowley scored 308 for the first wicket for Sussex against Gloucestershire at Hove. They did it in a day, and I still see the pair—both living in Sussex now—having their photographs taken against the big new scoreboard. What is more, just to prove what a fine all-rounder he was Jim, with his whippy medium-pace, right hand action, took ten wickets in Gloucester's two innings. A great slip field too. And just to round off his versatility, he played many times for Sussex as an amateur footballer.

THE HORSE LAUGH

Preston (Lancs) Grasshoppers versus Wilmot in the Lancashire Amateur League was delayed a quarter of an hour for the most unusual of reasons. Two heavy dray horses strayed into the pitch and dashed all the efforts of the players to remove them. Spectators and officials joined in the round-up and the two intruders were eventually caught, but not before one of the players was badly kicked and taken to hospital.

The answers to these and other questions for long intrigued the Free World. But not until Tom Driberg, the well-known English journalist, was able to interview him in Moscow did any reliable information about Burgess leak to the outside world.

Now Driberg has revealed the results of his lengthy study of Burgess (he spent more than a month with him) in one of the most dramatic stories of our times.

Published exclusively in the SUNDAY POST-HERALD, The Burgess Story has gripped the imagination of readers. It is a story you mustn't miss, and this Sunday, Driberg writes about what may well have been the most crucial stage of Burgess' political development.

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Spud-bashing



WEEK-END SOFTBALL

SAINTS WILL BE A STIFF HURDLE TOMORROW TO USS GARDINER'S BAY

By "TIME-OUT"

The USS Gardner's Bay, behind the windmilling right arm of ace hurler McMaster, will be facing another stiff hurdle in their quest for the Pennant when they cross bats with Bimbi Ablong's Saint Joseph's in tomorrow's main Softball League attraction at 11.00 a.m.

Fans who witnessed the hammering of the Pandas last week by this squad of gobs may be assured of another thrill-packed encounter, as the Joeys are noted fighters and tomorrow's clash will be more of a prestige-builder to this unit of old-timers.

Playing a secondary role to the feature game is Kenneth Chun's Pandas who come out to protect their clean slate against the weekend Num Wah boys. Still licking their wounds from last week's exhibition game, the Pandas are expected to give no quarter when they take on their perennial rivals at 3.30 p.m.

After a fast-moving preliminary round, the Judo Leaguers make time this week with only two games. Raising the curtain on this afternoon's play are the South China laddies when they meet the all-hard Lion Cubs contingent at 2.00 p.m. Mario 'Red' Pereira's Cheyennes, as yet undefeated, should notch another win to their string when they take on the Overseers at 3.30 p.m.

As was shown in recent outings, the USS Gardner's Bay team is definitely not the same squad that suffered a severe 27-0 drubbing from one of our local teams. For in a friendly against the unbeaten HK Pandas last week, the Gardner's Bay proved their superiority with a convincing 8-3 triumph.

AMONG THE GREATEST

Big man in this outfit is regular hurler McMaster who's efforts in tions on the mound make his job seem so easy. With pinpoint accuracy and cracking curves included in his repertoire of "sizzlers", McMaster has established himself among the greatest pitchers to hit this colony, to stand shoulder to shoulder with pitchers like Ernie Tuttle, the late Jack Cramer and Wisdom.

Plugging up the receiving half of this battery is Mathew, an impregnable unit of defense behind the plate. Fleet-footed fast-sacker Corbin is a master at his post with his unusual sense of judgment, allowing him to find the sick from any playable position. Other stars in the outfit are McBride at the key-stone, reliable Luech, at the windy-slyle and Kenny, solid as a rock on the defensive and on the bat, in the hot corner.

Forming the arrowhead of their attack is the power-packed outfield trio of Luech, Kern and Hutchings. Luech patrols the area at left, while Kern and Hutchings roam centre and right fields respectively.

Left-hander A. R. Salleh, who hoists the mound banner for the Joeys tomorrow, will be in for a load of trouble if the Navy 'gums' get their sight trained on his slow serve. With little speed bucking up his deliveries, Salleh will have to rely mainly on the hardsmacking of either 'Red' Pereira or J. Quinn Colaco to call them to the batters' weaknesses.

In their inner line of defense, a quartet of veteran stars decorate the diamond as husky Dave Leonard covers the initial sack and crafty Artur Ozorio guards second. Benny Onua, twice winner of the MVP award, is a tremendous factor around third base while shortstop will probably feature ever-reliable Claude Pugh.

SOMEWHAT DWARFED
In the outfit, old mentor Ablong will in all probability start Gussie Pereira at left fleet-footed. A. G. Ismail at centre and steady Mannie Xavier at right. Though possessing quite a formidable nine, this outfit's

Sports Diary

TODAY

First Day of the Fourth Race Meeting at Happy Valley, 2 p.m.
Racing

1. All HK v Singapore
at Hongkong Stadium, 3.30 p.m.
2. Hongkong Club v CMC
(Club), RAMC v KMB (BS), RIC v Army
Telephones (Navy), Caroline Hill v
South China (CH) all matches at
2.10 p.m.

Crickets

1st Division—Army South v RAF,
CCC v Scorpions, Optimists v KCC,
HRC v Recreio, Police v Army
North.

2nd Division—Army North v
Police, DBS v KCC Wasps, Navy v
KGV, Recreio v RIC, RAF v Army
South, University v Dockyard.

Hockey

Ladies' League—Grenlins "A" v
Kings (BS), 2.30 p.m.; Victorians
versus "A", 3.15 p.m.; KGV v
Grenlins "B" (BS) 4 p.m.

Soccer

1. The sixteenth, 1956, in Athens.
2. 1,500 Metres in 1956, 5,000
Metres in 1946, and 400
Metres in 1948.

3. Dorando, full name Dorando
Pietri.

4. Yes, in the Paris Games of
1924.

5. Yachtsmen.

6. Wrestlers.

7. 200 metres.

8. Putting the shot.

9. 100 Metres, Marathon and
1,500 Metres.

Marksman Wanted

Elton Rangers play in the
Manchester Amateur League,
and have had quite a successful
season. It would have been
much better, however, if they
had taken all their chances. Up
to now they have missed 12 of
the 14 penalties awarded them!

Soccer Secretary

Barnsley Football Supporters' Club has a flourishing mem-

bership, and its Hon. Secretary is

Miss Janet Medlock, an eighteen

year old enthusiast. She is also

a secretary at the local hospital.

Miss Medlock organises outings

to away matches, whilst driving

dances, summer excursions etc.

and the Club has given the

parent body nearly £10,000 in

the last five years.

Answers To Sports Quiz

1. The sixteenth,

1956, in Athens.

2. 1,500 Metres in 1956, 5,000

Metres in 1946, and 400

Metres in 1948.

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7. 200 metres.

8. Putting the shot.

9. 100 Metres, Marathon and

1,500 Metres.

10. Involves writing X

11. This party?

1. They come behind
2. Advertising one?

3. Servitude

4. Ending

5. Oration

6. Has two houses

7. Strong

8. Short ones

9. Controversy

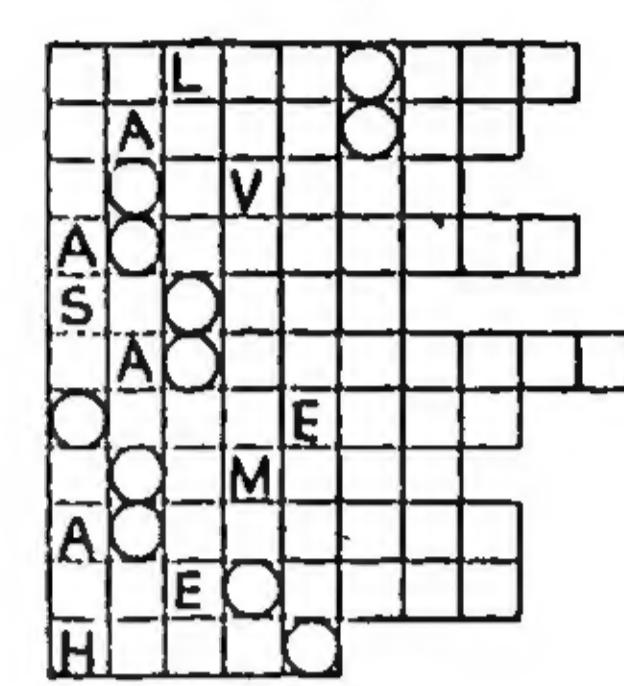
10. Involves writing X

11. This party?

Solution on back Page

NAMESAKES

INSTRUCTIONS: Fill in the spaces against each of the clues below with a word related to my life. The letters in circles spell out my name. Who am I?



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Page 20

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 24, 1956.

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Fierce Battles Rage In Algeria STRONG BANDS OPERATE FROM TUNISIA

Algeria, Nov. 23.
Pitched battles between French and
Algerian rebel forces occurred in several
regions of Algeria over the past 24
hours, as authoritative French sources
reported that strong rebel bands were
now operating from across the Tunisian
frontier.

The biggest battle occurred
near Renault, in north Central
Algeria, where 30 uniformed
rebels were killed, seven taken
prisoner and large quantities of
automatic weapons were captured.
Two French soldiers
were killed and eight were
wounded.

French forces destroyed a
fortified village in the operation.

New Weapons

Authoritative sources said
meanwhile that complete rebel
units equipped with new
weapons and material had set
up bases across the Tunisian
frontier, from which they
launched attacks into Algeria.

One rebel band, comprising
more than 500 men, was
camped northwest of Djerdid,

the sources said.
The sources added that other
rebel bands were camped inside
Moroccan territory, especially
toward the south.

French and rebel units clashed
also in the Kabylie region,
where 15 rebels were killed and
in the mountains of Constantine
sector, near Ed Mila, 19 rebels
were captured in an operation
today.

One European was killed and
three others were injured in
various attacks in the areas of
Algers, Milia and Blida.

Several members of the
Algerian National Liberation
Front were arrested as
yesterday as they held an illegal
meeting.—France-Press.

Rediffusion

11.30 a.m. London Play House
"Odd Man Out" 1. The Moon
Tun 12.30 a.m. Three Men
on a Bike—Featuring the songs of
Frank Sinatra, Bing Crosby and
Dick Haymes; 1. Keyboard Capers;
2. Saturday Housewives; 3. The
"Jazz" 4. 6.30 p.m. 22nd "Tinted
Music Theatre" Mr Boyce's Burlesque
by George Manning Samuel; 4.
Menoy Magic, via London
Circus—Direct Broadcast from
the Hongkong Stadium; 5. In the
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